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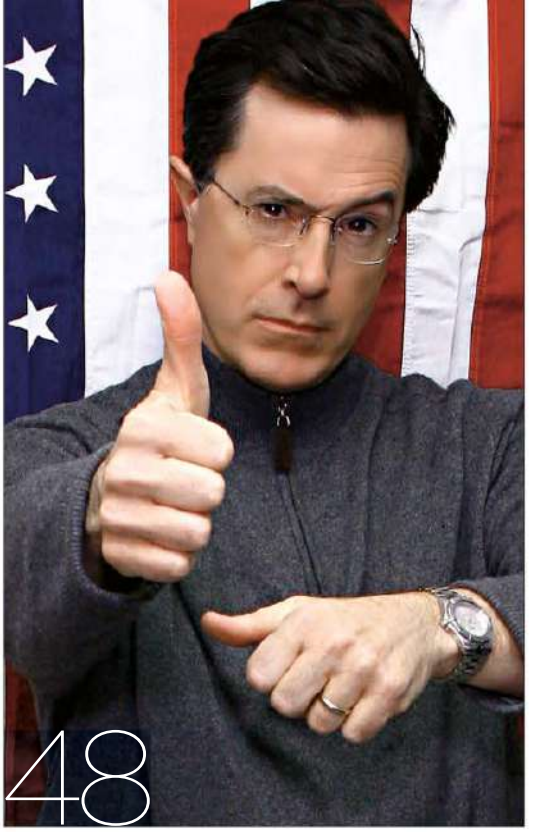

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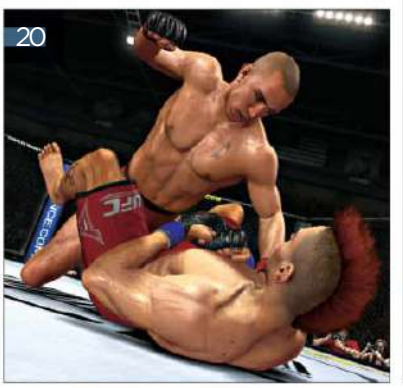

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The Sunday Special

After picking up a nonfat latte and walking the two blocks to get my usual mani/pedi, I was crushed to find the salon closed for renovation. I stood there with my nose pressed against the glass, wondering what to do. As far as I could figure, I had two choices: go home and sulk, or take a chance and head to Lola's, a new salon that had opened around the corner. I'm all for loyalty, but I wasn't about to deprive myself of some well-deserved pampering after a long week.

The few times I'd passed Lola's windows, I'd admired the upscale-looking waiting area with the flat-screen TV. All of the appointments were handled in the back for the customers' privacy. When I crossed the threshold, I was greeted by a stunning woman who turned out to be Lola. Thankfully, she accepted walk-ins, and while she entered my personal info into the computer I couldn't help but admire her natural beauty. She wore very little makeup and had flawless skin. She told me that as a first-time customer, I was eligible for the special, which included a free massage. The freebie sealed the deal.

Lola said the manicurist had called in sick, but that she'd do me herself since she had no other appointments scheduled. When she said that, I had a quick mental snapshot of lovely Lola *doing* me—as in, down on her knees in front of me with her tongue tunneling into my snatch. Not that I'd ever done anything like that before, but I'd often thought that if the opportunity presented itself, I'd go for it.

I raised my hips to make it easier for Lola to get my panties off, secretly hoping she would get *me* off next.

Lola offered me a glass of wine before starting my manicure. She not only gave my hands a very sensuous massage, but she made sure it extended up my forearms, sending tingles throughout my body. She really knew what she was doing.

The pedicure was no less thorough. Lola massaged my feet and calves, but she didn't stop there—her skillful hands continued to move upward, working the muscles in my thighs, making me wish she'd rub my pussy. I couldn't believe the way my body was reacting to her ministrations and wasn't sure I'd survive a full-body massage from this sexy woman. My panties were wet, and I was sure she could see up my skirt from her vantage point.

I let my head loll back and closed my eyes as I relaxed and enjoyed the extra-special pampering Lola was doling out. It felt so good I'm sure I moaned out loud, but I can't be certain. I do know that when she pulled my hips to the edge of the seat and reached under my skirt to pull down my panties, I gripped the arms of the chair and raised my hips to make it easier for her to get them off, secretly hoping she'd get *me* off next. I was so horny I would have fucked the first cock in sight.

I heard movement and opened my eyes. Lola had scooted forward to sit on the edge of the tub between my legs. With her eyes locked on mine, Lola slowly leaned forward and spread my lips with her fingers. Then she brought her mouth to my pussy and proceeded to suck me off like no man had ever done. Her fingers found their way inside me and curled up to press directly on my G spot, while her tongue vibrated against my clit.

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Normally, when a guy goes down on me, it takes a while for me to reach the peak of ecstasy Lola took me to in just minutes. She had me panting and gushing and making a total mess of the seat, but if she didn't care, neither did I. What Lola could do with her fingers, lips, and tongue should have been illegal. She'd made me feel so good that all I wanted was more. Just as I was berating myself for being such a slut, Lola stood and gave me a soft, lingering kiss with lots of tongue. Then she stepped out of the tub and helped me up.

"So, Cassie ... are you ready for your massage now?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"I can hardly wait," I said. "I've no doubt I'll be in good hands." And I was. But that'll have to wait for my next letter. In the meantime, I will tell you that I never went back to my old salon.—*C.M., Washington, D.C.*

NO-STRINGS FLING

I was happy to see Maria at the retirement party for one of our coworkers. Socializing was something she had rarely done until her divorce seven months earlier, and it was nice to see her smiling and laughing. During the evening, I overheard her telling one of the girls that she needed to get laid, but she wasn't ready yet for an exclusive relationship—that what she really needed was a good man for a one-night stand. I immediately thought that I would love to be that man. I'm 26, and even though Maria has about 20 years on me, it's impossible not to be attracted to her. She's beautiful and has a stunning hourglass figure, with big, firm tits and a perfectly shaped ass.

As the evening progressed, Maria stayed on my mind, and I was reminded of the saying, Nothing ventured, nothing gained. I'd seen Maria arrive in a taxi, so as the party started to wind down, I offered her a lift home, and she gladly accepted.

In the car, I told her I'd overheard her conversation about wanting a good man—no strings attached—and asked if I could help her out.

"Chris, are you saying you want to fuck me?" Maria asked excitedly.

I told Maria I was at her service, but got worried when she didn't say anything. Then she reached under her skirt and guided my hand inside her panties to her smooth, wet cunt.

"I think we'll get along fine, as long as you like to eat pussy," Maria said. Pussy hound that I am, that was all I needed to hear. I stepped on the gas and sped to her apartment.

Maria led me straight to her bedroom, where we undressed. While Maria was delighted to see my fully erect cock, I was just as happy to finally get my mitts on her gorgeous tits. As soon as we lay down on the bed, I went to work squeezing and sucking her large, dark-brown nipples.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" Maria cried, her body shaking as I kissed my way down her legs and buried my face in her cunt. I've never eaten a woman's pussy for as long as I ate Maria's, nor have I been with a girl who loved being eaten out as much as Maria did. Later I found out that her ex had rarely gone down on her. When Maria held me tight and cried out for me to make her come, I pressed three fingers into her juicy snatch and sucked hard on her clit. Maria must have loved it, because she screamed and released a big load of warm happy juice onto my fingers and hand.

Maria lowered her wet twat to my mouth. It wasn't long before she came all over my face.

"Make me come again, Chris," she begged, as she pushed me onto my back and straddled my face. Then she lowered her wet twat to my mouth for some more tongue action. She moaned as she ground her pussy against my mouth, and I shoved my tongue as far into her as I could. She tasted so sweet and I couldn't get enough, but it wasn't long before she let out a cry and came all over my face. Still ready for more lovin', Maria guided my cock into her sodden fuck hole and rode me hard and wild until she reached yet another big orgasm at the same moment I was reaching mine.

I don't know if orgasming comes easily to her, or if it was because it was something she had been denied for so long, but whatever the reason, Maria had many more orgasms that night.

Afterward, we showered and Maria told me that she had a lot of catching up to do. Then I was back in the bedroom, sucking and fucking this beautiful woman late into the night and throughout the weekend. Apparently, Maria still hasn't caught up, because it's been more than three months now and I'm still enjoying this incredible piece of ass.—*C.M., Minnesota*

More letters on page 132

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Men on Fire

Over the past several years, cable networks have turned the traditional TV off-season into their peak season, with great success. These shows also ditched the stereotypical heroes and sidekicks, instead giving us some of the biggest assholes on TV. In fact, in the case of the firefighter drama *Rescue Me*, number-one asshole Denis Leary is literally the star of the show. But really, who needs a cop who can crack every case just by looking at footprints and carpet fibers when you can tell the tale of an A-list actor fucking his way through Hollywood, or of a spy trying to ferret out the deeply buried truth of how he got royally screwed out of a job, or feature the most annoying robot ever?

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BURN NOTICE
USA

What It's About: Covert-ops agent Michael Westen (Jeffrey Donovan) was "burned"—ousted and erased by his agency. He's on a mission to find out why.

Why You Should Watch: Cool rogue-spy action, Gabrielle Anwar kicking ass, and Bruce Mother-fucking Campbell.

Where They Left Us: Simon (Garret Dillahunt) did the deeds that got Michael burned; Michael captured Simon but got nabbed in the process. Management (John Mahoney) promised Michael a big future.

SUMMERTIME VIEWS

When your favorite shows sign off for the summer, check out the offerings higher up on your programming guide. Cable's returning series just might cure those reality-show/rerun blues.

By Julie Foster

ENTOURAGE
HBO

What It's About: Movie star Vincent Chase (Adrian Grenier) parties to the top of the A-list, aided by his sharklike agent and posse of buddies.

Why You Should Watch: This never-call-it-a-bromance comedy is packed with celebrity guests (often parodying themselves hilariously), as well as hot (and frequently topless or nude) starlets.

Where They Left Us: Ari (Jeremy Piven) took over his ex-rival's agency, firing his enemies with the aid of a paintball gun; the gang headed to Rome with Vince for his new movie, leaving behind a newly engaged E (Kevin Connolly).

EUREKA
SYFY

What It's About: A town populated by geniuses plays mad scientist for the government; the average-Joe sheriff, Jack Carter (Colin Ferguson), saves the day when weird science goes awry.

Why You Should Watch: A clever premise, wackiness ensuing frequently, and a promise that the upcoming season will turn things upside down, and leave them that way.

Where They Left Us: Jack's daughter (Jordan Hinson) got into Harvard a year early; Tess (Jaime Ray Newman) took a new job in Australia and invited Jack to go with her.

FUTURAMA
COMEDY CENTRAL

What It's About: A pizza-delivery boy is cryogenically frozen and wakes up in thirty-first-century New York City. The show was canceled by Fox in 2003, but kept alive with four straight-to-DVD films. Now it's back with 26 new episodes.

Why You Should Watch: The same off-color humor and high-quality satire of *The Simpsons* fuels this other animated adventure from Matt Groening.

Where They Left Us: In the last film, 2009's *Into the Wild Green Yonder,* the gang saved the universe from ancient dark forces. *The Planet Express Ship* headed into a wormhole as Fry (Billy West) and Leela (Katey Sagal) had their romantic big-kiss finale.

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HUNG
HBO

What It's About: After a fire destroys his house, strapped-for-cash high school teacher/basketball coach Ray Drecker (Thomas Jane) uses his *Boogie Nights*–size cock in a moonlighting gig as a male prostitute to supplement his income.
Why You Should Watch: The gigolo premise provides plenty of humor—especially amusing since it involves our favorite Punisher—and this ballsy comedy is packing.
Where They Left Us: Ray proposed expanding his deal with his pimp to include a third party, creating a sticky wicket for the jealous Tanya (Jane Adams). Ray was shocked when his new client turned out to be his ex-wife (Anne Heche).

MAD MEN
AMC

What It's About: In a swanky 1960s Manhattan ad agency, booze flows as freely as creativity; womanizing ad exec Don Draper (Jon Hamm) dazzles clients, but falters in his home life.
Why You Should Watch: Sexy stars; sizzling drama; cool retro style.
Where They Left Us: After the agency was sold again, the partners (Hamm and John Slattery) grabbed their files and ran, launching a new agency with the help of Joan (Christina Hendricks), Peggy (Elisabeth Moss), Pete (Vincent Kartheiser), and Harry (Rich Sommer). Betty Draper (January Jones) flew out to Reno to speed along her divorce.

RESCUE ME
FX

What It's About: New York City firefighters tackle personal and professional challenges in a post-9/11 world. It ain't pretty.
Why You Should Watch: Emmy-nominated writing and star/writer/creator Denis Leary. Plus, the series is starting its final seasons, with the finale planned for the tenth anniversary of 9/11.
Where They Left Us: Teddy (Lenny Clarke) blamed Tommy (Leary) for Ellie's (Patti D'Arbanville) fatal car crash, shooting Tommy and threatening anyone who tried to get help.

WAREHOUSE 13
SYFY

What It's About: Secret Service agents track down supernatural objects for a *Raiders of the Lost Ark*–style top-secret government warehouse.
Why You Should Watch: It's *X-Files* meets *Indiana Jones,* with geek humor and a potential romance to entertain your girlfriend.
Where They Left Us: Pete (Eddie McClintock) and Myka (Joanne Kelly) were trapped in the warehouse after a former agent destroyed their only exit; Artie (Saul Rubinek) was caught in the explosion.

WHITE COLLAR
USA

What It's About: Smooth-talking con man Neal Caffrey (Matt Bomer) goes turncoat on other white-collar criminals, pairing up with an FBI agent (Tim DeKay) so he can find his ex.
Why You Should Watch: Sharp, witty writing with snappy dialogue; charismatic stars; it's a clever crime-fighting drama.
Where They Left Us: Neal stole the music box that everyone's been hunting and traded it for a new beginning with Kate, only to watch, horrified, as her plane exploded.

Mad Men features two of the hottest actresses on TV: our favorite bombshell, Christina Hendricks, and our favorite MILF, January Jones.

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The Anti-Blockbusters

The coolest, most essential, most unusual flicks of the season.

Summer is traditionally the time for big, empty popcorn movies, but the season has been known to deliver more subtle, even unusual, pleasures—and this year there's a bumper crop of them. Here, in chronological order as of press time, are the top-ten flicks to see this summer, or risk having nothing to say when that curvy new receptionist brings them up at the water cooler.

Dinner for Schmucks

Splice

Adrien Brody will try his hand as an action star later this summer in *Predators,* but first he'll take time out for this piece of genuine weirdness: a science-run-amok thriller that costars Sarah Polley and one seriously frightening genetic creation. This flick could give *The Fly* director David Cronenberg the creeps. (June 4)

Winter's Bone

Critics at Sundance were blown away by this minutely observed slice of rural Ozark life, starring Jennifer Lawrence (in a career-making performance) as a teenager who treks into the wild to find her meth-dealing absentee father. It's a hillbilly adventure that will linger in the mind long after the big-budget dreck fades. (June 11)

I Am Love

Between *Michael Clayton* and her unhinged performance in *Julia* (worth a rental), Oscar-winner Tilda Swinton has proved she can do anything. So how about getting frequently naked in a riveting Italian sex drama? (June 18)

I Am Love

Cyrus

Cyrus

Every once in a while, some tragically indie director will grow up and deliver an unpretentious, engrossing film worth your time (not to mention your money). Austin's filmmaking brothers Mark and Jay Duplass arrive with this discomfiting domestic drama about a divorcé (John C. Reilly), his hot new lover (Marisa Tomei), and her paranoid adult son (Jonah Hill), who wants to see his mother's relationship fail. (July 9)

Inception

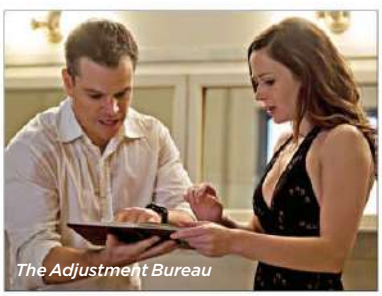
Curiosity has been sufficiently stoked for this supersecret project—director Christopher Nolan spent all his political capital from *The Dark Knight* to get it made exactly his way. It stars Leonardo DiCaprio and Ellen Page; at stake, evidently, is the fate of the planet. (July 16)

Dinner for Schmucks

Said schmucks include Steve Carell and Zach Galifianakis as unknowing dupes invited to a swanky party where the most embarrassing guest wins his corporate host a secret prize. Ah, the mean games businessmen play. Imagine *The Office* with a big dollop of *Glengarry Glen Ross.* (July 23)

The Adjustment Bureau

You could argue that no author, living or dead, has produced a cooler filmography than the late science-fiction writer Philip K. Dick (*Blade Runner, Total Recall, A Scanner Darkly*). The latest Dick adaptation, a paranoid mystery, stars Matt Damon as a rising politician who starts to question reality after meeting Emily Blunt's alluring ballerina. (July 30)


The Adjustment Bureau

Get Low

It's not too early to start talking 2011 Oscar race—and this character study has the great wild man of American cinema, Robert Duvall, grabbing the baton and running with it. He plays a hairy hermit named Felix Bush—a moonshine-swilling backwoods Tennessean who emerges to plan his own funeral. The story comes from real life; Bill Murray and Sissy Spacek also star. (July 30)

The Expendables

As much as we dug *Inglourious Basterds,* it could have used, to paraphrase Elvis, a little less conversation and a little more action. So here's the movie to satisfy that yearning, starring our 2009 Badass Cast of the Year from last year's annual Badass Issue. Director/star Sylvester Stallone has assembled an action-hero dream team: Arnold, Dolph Lundgren, Jet Li, Jason Statham—the list goes on. The result is mayhem just the way you remember it: juicy, thick, and medium-rare. (August 13)

Lebanon

Much as *Das Boot* created a powerful claustrophobia within the confines of a single German submarine, this ingenious war drama, a film festival favorite, gets the maximum impact by sealing us inside a single Israeli tank that's trundling across the border into the war zone. (August 13)

PHOTOGRAPH BY (*THE A-TEAM*) MICHAEL MULLER

The Expendables

PREVIEWS

The A-Team

Liam Neeson, Bradley Cooper, Jessica Biel, Quinton "Rampage" Jackson

A big-screen version of this ridiculous—and sometimes ridiculously entertaining—eighties TV series has been gestating for more than a decade now, with uncertain actors lobbing it around like a live hand grenade. Hollywood may have ended up with the ideal squad—and a smart, indie director, *Smokin' Aces'* Joe Carnahan, to lead the charge. Resurrecting B. A. Baracus—made iconic by Mr. T back in the day—is UFC fighter Jackson, who has a chance to make a huge impression on viewers who don't know him. And check out the rest of these soldiers of fortune: Neeson as John "Hannibal" Smith, *District 9*'s bug-eyed Sharlto Copley as "Howling Mad" Murdock, and *The Hangover*'s Cooper as wisecracking Templeton "Faceman" Peck. Last and the polar opposite of least is the curvaceous Biel, who joined the project late and will play captain Charisa Sosa. Studio execs may be loving it when this plan—and its A-list cast—comes together.

The Karate Kid

Jackie Chan, Jaden Smith

Why remake a movie that is so beloved, there's really nowhere to go with it but down? If anyone in Hollywood has an answer, we're all ears. But we'll probably see it anyway, just to watch our childhood memories get a crane kick to the teeth. Will Smith's son takes on the Ralph Macchio role, while Chan steps in to Pat Morita's considerable kung-fu slippers. The action is relocated to Beijing, and the "wax on, wax off" lesson has been tweaked to "jacket on, jacket off." Chan, who himself submitted to rigorous training in the awesome *Drunken Master* films, will train the young Smith for his showdown with local bullies amid glorious Chinese settings.

Get Him to the Greek

Russell Brand, Jonah Hill, Sean Combs

Give British funnyman Brand credit: In *Forgetting Sarah Marshall,* a movie that featured both Mila Kunis and Kristen Bell in a variety of bikinis, he managed to make a riotous impression as libidinous rock star Aldous Snow. The character now gets a semi-sequel, with Hill playing a record-company assistant responsible for transporting Snow from London to an important gig at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles. We've got a good feeling about Brand's unhinged persona blowing up huge this time, and the movie is loaded with cameos from real-life music-biz figures, including Brand's fiancée, Katy Perry.

Jonah Hex

Megan Fox, Josh Brolin, John Malkovich

If the Megan Fox Moment is not over yet, it's getting close. But who knows? Maybe Fox's top billing here, as a gun-toting prostitute, will prolong her time in the sun. *Hex* is an action flick based on a DC Comics series that only geeks know about. The title character will be played by *No Country for Old Men*'s Brolin, and director Jimmy Hayward—despite his background in children's films (he directed *Horton Hears a Who!*)—will not stint on the gunplay. The undead are also involved. If nonstop violence bores you, there's always a manic Malkovich as the villain, and a score by Mastodon that's sure to rattle teeth.

KINKY TALES

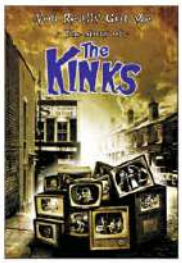
The band that brought us "A Well Respected Man," "Lola," "You Really Got Me," and about a million other classic tunes just can't get no respect, as a new DVD illustrates in more ways than one.

By Nanette Varian

You Really Got Me: The Story of the Kinks

This film (not to be confused with the 2008 three-disc set *The Kinks: You Really Got Me: The Inside Story With Dave Davies*) tries gamely to tell the sloppy, drunken, brawling, brilliant story of one of the British Invasion's most enduring legends—a tale of brotherly feuds (between lead singer/songwriter Ray Davies and lead guitarist Dave), epic misfortune (literally banned from the States during what should have been their peak earning years), and influence that is still being felt 14 years after their last concert—but it's a pastiche of clips that's often confusingly ordered and edited. Still, within that collection of clips there are some gems showcasing the band's myriad styles (think *Spiñal Tap* with much better music), and the sight of a feral, teenage Dave growling through the band's early blues covers while Ray's showboaty charisma starts flicking its defiantly loose wrists is worth the price of admission.

Several former band members have been performing boozy U.K. pub gigs as the Kast Off Kinks; sometimes Ray even joins them for a number or two, fueling rumors of a reunion. We're not holding our breath. But maybe someone will at least cough up the kind of high-quality, comprehensive DVD treatment these guys deserve. Anybody know if Rick and Ken Burns are Kinks fans? Oh, wait. They don't seem to want to collaborate anymore, either.



Unrivaled Circle of Pain

Mixed martial arts hits the home-theater fiction department, brought to you by equipment supplier TapouT. *Unrivaled* stars Rashad "Sugar" Evans, Nate "the Great" Marquardt, Forrest Griffin, and Keith "the Dean of Mean" Jardine; Kimbo Slice is the *Circle* headliner, with Heath Herring, Frank Mir, and Roger Huerta. Fighting movies are nothing new, of course, and they share a unique quality with porn: The plot is inconsequential filler between action sequences. These fighters do bring a certain verisimilitude to their roles, though, and the films themselves will work adequately to tide you over between this month's UFC 114 (with Evans) and 115.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

True Blood: The Complete Second Season

The town of Bon Temps is under the spell of a mysteriously feral femme (Michelle Forbes) who throws drug- and drink-fueled orgies—we like her. There's also a hot blonde shape-shifter in town (played by Ashley Jones, a pig, and a deer), which leads to interspecies lovin' with a canine barkeep (who is also sometimes an owl, a bull, and even a fly). That's sexier than it sounds, but we're still glad when the focus is on the vampires, especially gorgeous redheads Deborah Ann Woll and Evan Rachel Wood. Extras include features on the anti-vamp church and a vampire news program. The Blu-ray discs offer a picture-in-picture feature that provides background on characters, news reports, and public-service statements from the pro- and anti-vamp camps. It helps if you get too distracted by the sex and nudity to pay attention to details. —*Christine Colby*

HIGH-DEF UPDATE

These great guy-friendly hits arrive on Blu-ray just in time for Father's Day:

- ***Escape From L.A.***
- ***Saving Private Ryan***
- ***Caddyshack***
- ***Spartacus: 50th Anniversary Edition***
- **Clint Eastwood in *The Man With No Name Trilogy***

(Above) *Escape From L.A.*, (right) *Saving Private Ryan*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE KINKS) MICK ROCK/RETNA LTD.; (*SAVING PRIVATE RYAN*) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

Energy to own your game.....
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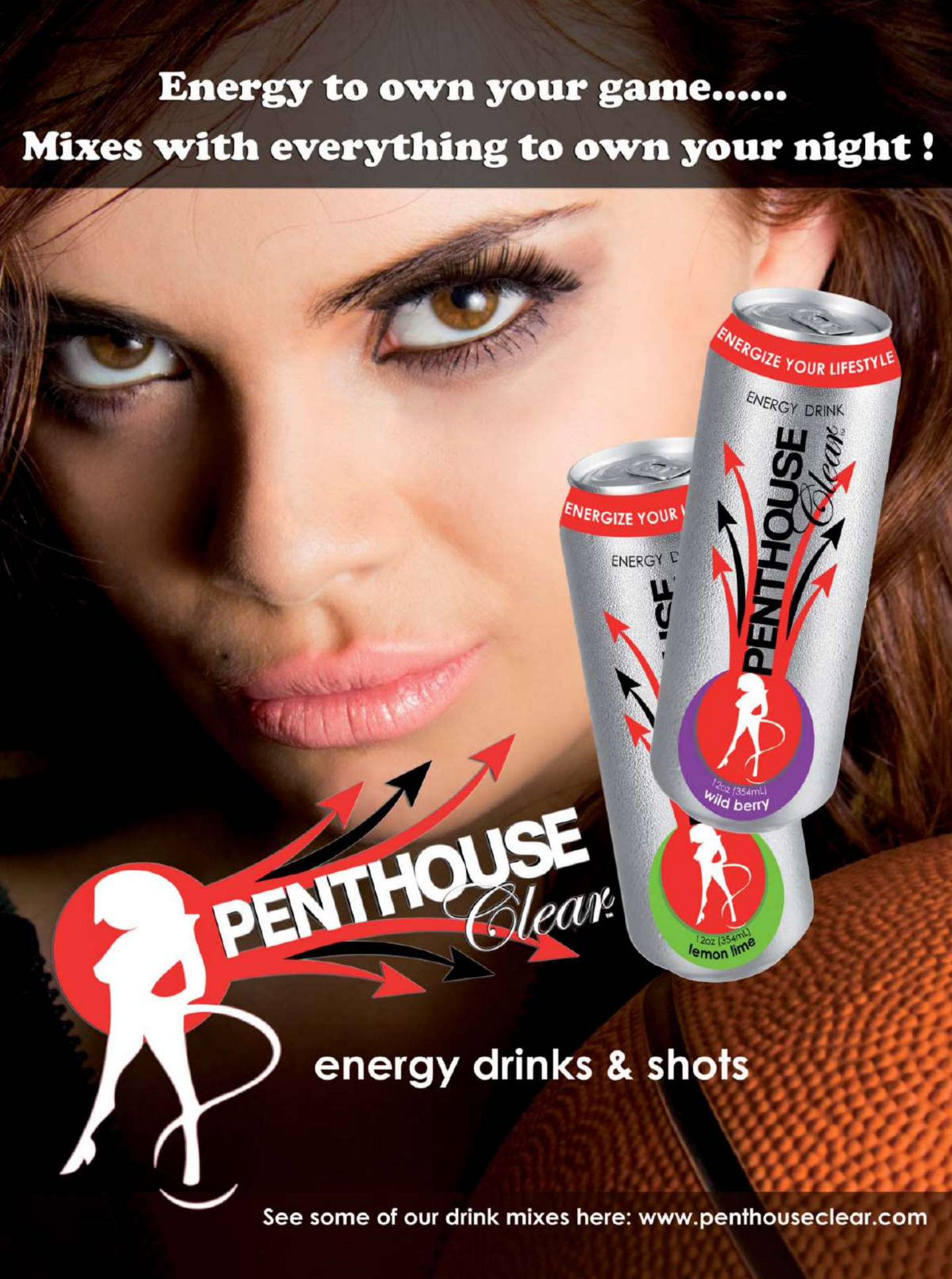

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energy drinks & shots

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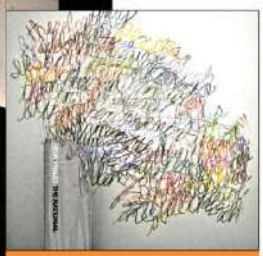
Reunion Type Thing

Stone Temple Pilots may or may not be on a mission from God, but they are getting the band back together—and it sounds surprisingly good.

STONE TEMPLE PILOTS
Stone Temple Pilots
Atlantic

Looking back, Stone Temple Pilots and the 1990s were never a good fit. Sure, the California quartet made millions surfing the grunge wave, but their ambitions (stadiums, stardom) and their appetites (partying and, uh, more partying) never earned them respect from their po-faced peers. Now, after a decade of heroin- and supergroup-related problems, singer Scott Weiland has reunited with the songwriting DeLeo brothers and, surprisingly, the grouping sounds fresher than ever. *Stone Temple Pilots* hits the sweet spot between sultry seventies swagger ("Huckleberry Crumble") and alt-rock radio gold ("Cinnamon"). It's enough to bring back flannel.

BY ANDY GREENWALD

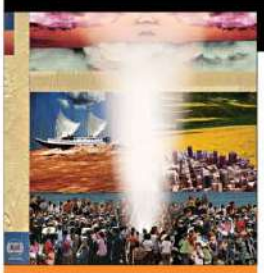


THE NATIONAL
High Violet
Beggars Banquet

The National is a Brooklyn band, but not in the way you might think. They're a bearded, erudite, brooding, and clever quintet of thirty-somethings that makes gorgeously sad and compelling urban music for the nontattooed among us—rock fans who have switched from beer to whiskey. *High Violet* is the band's third masterpiece in a row, following 2005's breakthrough *Alligator* and 2007's breathtaking *Boxer.* On slow-burners "Terrible Love" and "Runaway," throaty singer Matt Berninger makes maturity sound as sexy as youth, and "Conversation 16" is without question the best love song ever sung from the perspective of a zombie.

DEFTONES
Diamond Eyes
Warner Bros.

Deftones leader Chino Moreno is a fascinating screamer. For almost two decades, he has been fronting this never-boring quintet that started out playing heavy metal and then almost immediately got weird with it, balancing the concussive force of Anthrax with the dreamy melodicism of mopey British bands like the Cure and the Smiths. *Diamond Eyes* is album number six, and the first since founding bassist Chi Cheng was gravely injured in a car crash. On swirling, spiraling laments such as "This Place Is Death," Moreno transforms this awful event—Cheng remains hospitalized—into something else: music that crunches and comforts in equal measure.



BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE
Forgiveness Rock Record
Arts&Crafts

For a country that's famously polite and well organized, Canada certainly does produce some sloppy rock bands. Case in point: Broken Social Scene, a shambolic indie collective stitched together with guitar strings and soaked in Molson beer that ranges in size from 6 to 19 musicians and often includes Feist and members of Metric, Stars, and other northern luminaries. Every few years an album emerges from this chaos, and *Forgiveness Rock Record* just might be the best yet—a sprawling, hour-long cycle of songs ranging from the gloriously ecstatic ("World Sick") to the gloriously groovy ("All to All"). Here's living proof that socialist policies *can* work—at least on record.

Alpha Protocol

SEGA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Michael Thornton is one pissed-off CIA agent. He's just woken up in a covert facility full of guys who are ready to blow his head off, with no idea who drugged him and brought him there. Before long, the rookie agent is informed that he's been selected for "agent protocol" status, which allows him to operate unaffiliated with any government as he investigates why a commercial airliner was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile.

In traditional roleplaying-game fashion, you can customize Thornton's stats as he gains experience, but you can't do much in the way of outward character customization. Instead, you spend your time developing his personality by choosing how to interact with other characters. Learning how best to treat others in order to get what you want is an integral part of the game, and being professional and/or aggressive doesn't always work. Of course, intimidating your enemies with the guns you just bought on the black market never hurts.

There's nothing jaw-droppingly new here, although the mini-puzzles for hacking and breaking locks are fun the first few times. Still, the combination of third-person action, some cool sneaky espionage missions, and a compelling-enough storyline will keep us playing.

LOST PLANET 2

CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

When we left Wayne, he'd just lost his memory (again) after fighting the Akrids, and he was watching Luka melt the snow off the planet so it would be habitable. We pick up with him ten years later, when it's been discovered that, yes, it's theoretically possible to live there, but there are new breeds of Akrid that think Wayne and company will make a tasty snack.

Rocks: Your thermal energy, which you need to stay alive, only drains when you use a weapon that needs it to function. You can complete the story alone, online, or in split-screen co-op. You can customize your character to look like *Resident Evil*'s Albert Wesker or *Gears of War*'s Marcus Fenix. There are even larger bosses than last time around.

Flops: While we like the episodic structure of the campaign mode, battling other factions while killing off the Akrid feels cliché. It was necessary to make cuts to the Xbox version to fit the content on one disc; all we could confirm is that the *Gears of War* option won't be available.

BLUR

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

After years of cranking out brilliantly rendered games for the *Project Gotham Racing* series, Bizarre Creations is mashing up the world of arcade racing with *Mario Kart,* giving us this weapons-heavy futuristic racer.

Rocks: You can play on a split screen with up to four buddies, or race against 19 other players in the competitive online world. Using power-ups to boost your chances of winning will take you back to the old days of videogaming, in the best way possible.

Flops: It could prove to be too similar to *Full Auto* or *Midnight Club* to generate a following.

PRINCE OF PERSIA: THE FORGOTTEN SANDS

UBI SOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, PC, DS, PSP)

You don't need to have played the earlier installments in the series to make sense of *The Forgotten Sands,* but you will get a richer experience if you have. This game fills you in on the seven *Persia* years between 2004's *The Sands of Time* and 2006's *Warrior Within,* and will fill in the blanks about why *Warrior* was so dark by comparison. For *Forgotten Sands,* you've learned how to harness the power of the elements to build ice columns out of water and manipulate your environment, but you're no longer practically invincible.

Rocks: Battles start out extremely easy, so by the time you're fighting 50 guys, you'll welcome the challenge. We were happy to see the return of the game mechanics of *The Sands of Time,* but this game is built on UBI Soft's *Assassin's Creed* engine.

Flops: We're not complaining about having earlier questions answered, but has the cel-shaded *Prince of Persia* from 2008 been completely forgotten?

UFC UNDISPUTED 2010

THQ (XBOX 360, PS3, PSP)

Inside the octagon, there's no escaping your opponent's brutality. All you can do is bring your own to the ring. Here, given that there are faster moves for more than 100 fighters, a much-improved ground game, and sways and leans that allow your fighter to avoid devastating blows, combat will be that much more satisfying.

Rocks: They've also added three more fighting styles (karate, sambo, and Greco-Roman wrestling), many more submissions and strikes, and the ability to fight southpaw. The tournament mode challenges your skills arcade-style. You have the ability to build online fighting camps and leagues.

Flops: Not every move you make looks like it connects. What truly sucks is the fact that all the training you do in the game to get your fighters in shape doesn't carry over to real life.

BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

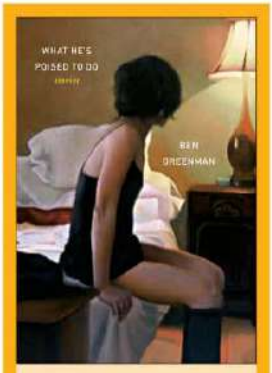
Down on the Street

A new photo book skewers bohemian wannabes from coast to coast.

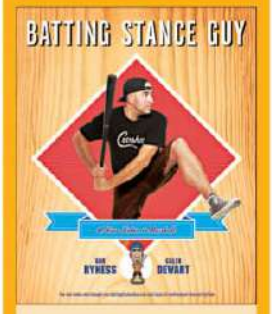
Street Boners: 1,764 Hipster Fashion Jokes
By Gavin McInnes
Grand Central Publishing

Here is a fashion book for readers who don't really care that much about fashion, but *do* like people-watching and a good joke. Debbie Harry, Fred Armisen, photo blog TheCobraSnake.com, and others riff on and rate the getups of everyday people on the street, providing a kaleidoscopic take on hipster fashion.

See them dress down someone wearing a jacket featuring gold links inscribed with CHANEL, girls wearing bras as tops, eighties wannabes, and many other fashion emergencies. They also offer tips on beards (chin beards are out "unless you're in the band Anthrax"), sneakers, and style. The effect is dizzying—and will make you think twice before you step out your door, lest you be caught in the snare of their lens.



This Harper Perennial collection by an editor at *The New Yorker* is a slim, powerful volume of 14 tales that immediately absorb your attention with their intimacy. There are several epistolary stories, one ("To Kill the Pink") featuring a father reporting on his wartime activities to his daughter. Greenman writes, "There were so many other details that I'll never recover, little things I wish I could have noticed." In these tales, though, the details are vivid and help sculpt the nuanced world of each narrative.



Many baseball enthusiasts are gifted with a head for statistics, or a powerful memory of the game's history, or a knack for analyzing a team's needs. But only one is blessed with the ability to mimic the batting stance, down to the minutest detail, of just about any major leaguer ever. That man is Ryness—the Frank Caliendo of the batter's box, only much more hip—and with videographer Dewart he tells his story here, with witty commentary, nostalgic essays, and photos that capture his uncanny art (Scribner).—*John Bolster*

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GET READY TO RIDE

On the surface, cycling appears to be a simple sport. All you need is a bike, right? But as you look to improve your speed and comfort, it's easy to get overwhelmed by the options, so we've found a few must-haves.

By Rebecca Swanner

Retro Cycling Jerseys

$70 to $80 • RetroImageApparel.com

There are countless ridiculous-looking cycling jerseys out there. Project a cooler persona with a classic jersey from Retro Image. They're made from moisture-wicking Euro Mesh fabric and have three rear pockets to hold your stuff. The Coney Island Lager and Black Cat Fireworks designs will remind you of more carefree days, while the Horton Collection features images pulled from memorable cycling posters of yesteryear that will make you look like more of an elite rider than you really are.

Kryptonite Fahgettaboudit and New York Legend Locks

$97; $170 • KryptoniteLock.com

If someone really wants your bike, they'll get it, no matter how long it takes. To deter the most tenacious thief, try the New York Legend, a hefty, six-sided chain and disc lock. It's made of manganese steel and weighs a whopping 16 pounds—something to keep in mind since you'll need to haul it around somehow while you're riding. Kryptonite also offers extreme protection with the Fahgettaboudit U-Lock. It has a hardened steel sleeve over the crossbar for extra security. Both locks are high-quality and come with three keys—one with a light—and antitheft warranties, so you can rest easy.

P.R.O. Lobster Wind Mitts

$45 • Pearlizumi.com

Riding in a rainy morning chill can be difficult. Whether your priority is manual dexterity or merely not freezing your fingers off, these gloves offer comfort and protection without bulk. The blend of ventilated nylon, polyurethane, spandex, and polyester will keep your hands warm, and when the mercury really drops, you can slide the windproof lobster-mitt covers over your fingers.

Aerospoke Wheels

$295 to $404 per wheel • Aerospoke.com

If you want to stand out in a crowd, these spokeless wheels will help. They not only look cool, but they're built to withstand thousands of miles of hard riding. Though heavier than your average wheels, the American-made aluminum hubs are extremely durable, so they'll be able to handle your cycling style, whether you ride fixed, road, mountain, or recumbent.

Lazer Helmets Urbanize N'Light

$100 • LazerHelmets.com

If you want to keep what's inside your head where it belongs, a good helmet is a must. This adjustable design gives you the look of Luke Skywalker zipping through the trees on his speeder, but without the whiny attitude. It's equipped with front and back lights, so cars can spot you easily, leaving you to ride another day.

Hed Corsair Aerobar

$950 • HedCycling.com

When you're going for speed, aerodynamics is important. You need to bend over your handlebars so you'll glide through the air and smoke other riders. If you maintain this position for any length of time, though, you'll be sore. Aerobar has three types of extensions, allows you to place your hands in front of your chest, and adjusts to suit any rider so you'll stay comfortable. But maybe you prefer to be hunched over your bike. Guess it depends on who's giving you a massage at the end of the day.

RAISING THE ROOF

Maserati enhances its wickedly hot GranTurismo Coupe by doing something provocative—letting it go topless.

By Bill Heald

When you think about fine Italian performance machines, I'll wager your thoughts tend toward Ferraris and Lamborghinis. As amazing as these automotive wet dreams are, there is another manufacturer from this stylish country that is often more subtle in street presence, but in many ways more desirable because of its exclusivity.

The Maserati legacy started when the Maserati brothers got seriously into building and racing those new-fangled "automobiles" in the early 1900s. Over the years the company gained a reputation for engineering innovation, and its exclusive, mostly hand-built jewels have competed with Ferrari and Lamborghini on both the track and the street (in the latter case by attracting more discerning, upscale drivers).

Maserati also gained favor by injecting a bit of day-to-day practicality into its cars, so they could be enjoyed in the real world. There have been numerous ups and downs in the marque's storied history, and it left the North American market in 1990 only to return in 2002, and has enjoyed renewed success. Now that it's owned by Fiat, Maserati is on terra firma, and doing delicious things to its GranTurismo Coupe. Since its origination, this hardtop has been a lesson in elegant hotness, and considering its capabilities, the styling is almost understated. The high-performance S version pushes the envelope further, with more muscle and even more chassis finesse than the standard edition.

How do you make such a beautiful machine even more desirable? You make it topless, of course. The GranTurismo convertible (or, as it's called in Europe, the GranCabrio) is billed by Maserati as "the first ever soft-top convertible to be developed and built at the company's Modena, Italy, headquarters." This new addition to the GranTurismo line takes the solid, sophisticated chassis from the Pininfarina-styled hardtop and gives it the open-air treatment (the three-layer insulated soft-top drops electrically in 24 seconds). The chassis gets much of its punch from the S model coupe, including the meticulously crafted 4.7-liter V-8 that summons forth 433 horsepower. The six-speed ZF automatic transmission is as versatile as it gets, with four operating modes (including a manual mode that uses paddle shifters on the steering wheel) and the ability to shift at outrageously high engine rpms.

Even more intriguing is the convertible's suspension, which is an electronically enhanced system called Skyhook. This special shock-tuning witchcraft uses acceleration sensors at all four wheels and the body to detect movement, and uses data on everything from road-surface interaction to driver input to regulate suspension settings and transmission output; the Maserati

The sophisticated Skyhook suspension keeps things under control as you and your passengers relax in high-speed, open-air comfort.

Stability Program delivers optimum ride quality and control. The driver can select a sport mode that alters this NASA-level computer complex for more firmness—and hence, more aggressive driving.

The convertible is unique in that, unlike the other drop-tops in this class, there's room to comfortably seat four adults. The trunk capacity is the same whether the top is up or down, and you can procure custom-designed luggage to properly haul your belongings. Such attention to detail is important, for you want to dress properly when behind the wheel, lest the incredible interior appointments make you look like an unlaundered sock puppet. The Poltrona Frau leather seats and trim are available in ten colors with contrasting stitching and carpeting, and even the soft-top itself comes in six different hues. Whether you opt for the coupe or the convertible, the GranTurismo offers almost limitless color variations inside and out. This car could be the ultimate in four-wheeled seduction—it's handcrafted in the heart of Italy by a company that mixes hardware with driving passion like nobody else on the road.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe or convertible
Engine	4.2-liter V-8; S and convertible: 4.7-liter V-8
Power	405 horsepower; S and convertible: 433
Torque	339 foot-pounds; S and convertible: 361
Transmission	Six-speed adaptive automatic
Front tires	245/35 ZR20
Rear tires	285/35 ZR20
Curb weight	4,147 pounds; S: 4,146; convertible: 4,365

PERFORMANCE	
0–60	5.1 seconds; S: 4.8; convertible: 5.15
Top speed	177 mph; S: 183; convertible: 176
Fuel capacity	22.7 gallons; S: 22.7; convertible: 19.8
EPA mpg	12 city/19 highway; S and convertible: 11/18
Base price	$117,500, S: $121,500; convertible: $135,800

A Very Futuristic Ride

After celebrating 50 years in the U.S.A., Honda enters the next half-century with a high-tech radical in candy-apple red.

By Bill Heald

The Interceptor. The VFR. These two names have described one particular breed of Honda motorcycle, and for more than a quarter-century the company has alternated the monikers when labeling their flagship high-tech two-wheeler.

In 1983 the first Interceptor was born. It possessed what has been the heart of the machine from the beginning: a V-4 engine. This was a sport bike fit for racing at the track, but was also a comfortable enough to strap on some soft luggage and motor to Vegas. In 1986, the name Interceptor disappeared, and the VFR with its all-aluminum frame arrived. It brought with it more refinement while remaining a popular racing platform. In 1990, though, the VFR debuted a stunning (and now signature) single-sided rear swingarm and officially left the track for a street-only life as the ultimate gentleman's sport bike. In '98 the Interceptor name returned with an all-new "pivotless" frame design, side-mounted radiators, and wicked-crisp fuel injection. In 2002 the new century saw an Interceptor with an innovative valve-control system (called VTEC) to boost both low- and high-rpm power—and optional ABS brakes were added later, along with excellent hard saddlebags.

Unfortunately, the new VFR1200F is so radically advanced, so startlingly polished and wildly futuristic, that it makes its proud ancestors look like wheezing old minibikes. Honda's new V-4 is a genuine stunner, and radically advanced in every aspect. Unlike the original 750-cc engine, the new 1200-cc VFR mill is directly derived from MotoGP technology, and the two rear cylinders reside inboard at the center of the crankshaft, while the front cylinders are positioned outboard. This means the bike is narrow where the rider sits, and you feel one with the machine rather than perched on top of it. Instead of a cable, a throttle-by-wire system directs the fuel injection via electronics, and the offset crankshaft configuration in

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 76-degree V-4
Bore x stroke	81 mm x 60mm
Displacement	1,237 cc
Fuel system	Programmed fuel injection
Ignition	Digital transistorized
Transmission	Six speed; optional dual-clutch automatic
Front suspension	43-mm inverted telescopic forks, preload adjustable
Rear suspension	Single gas-charged shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs, combined ABS
Rear brake	Single 276-mm disc, combined ABS
Front tire	120/70-ZR17 radial
Rear tire	190/55-ZR17 radial
Fuel tank	4.9 gallons
Wheelbase	60.8 inches
Seat height	32.1 inches
Curb weight	591 pounds; 613 pounds w/dual-clutch automatic
MSRP	$15,999

The new VFR1200F is so polished and wildly futuristic that it makes its proud ancestors look like wheezing old mini-bikes.

concert with a new 76-degree V-angle delivers perfect primary balance to keep the big motor smooth.

A six-speed transmission is the standard gearbox, and it delivers power to the shaft final drive (a first for this family), but the wild ticket is Honda's optional dual-clutch automatic gearbox, based on Formula 1 engineering. You can go fully auto, but the real fun explodes in manual mode, in which you tap a button with your left index finger to upshift, and touch a similar paddle with your thumb to downshift. The system works so well, even seasoned racers have lapped Japan's Sugo Raceway faster with the dual-clutch transmission than with the traditional unit. Handling is sharpened by excellent inverted front forks and a gas-charged single rear shock, and Honda's brilliant Combined ABS brake system hauls the big bike down from speed in short order. A full complement of hard luggage and other accessories helps you create the ultimate sport-touring chariot.

Summer Stock

Your mother was right: You should go play outside. Just bring some of these great new toys with you so you can feel like a kid again. A happy, spoiled-rotten kid.

By Crispin Boyer

Kitewing

Kitewing • $1,100 and up

Transform your skateboards, in-line skates, surfboards, skis, snowboards, etc., into wind-fueled death machines with a Kitewing, a mini–hang glider of sorts that gives your riding gear a serious speed and altitude adjustment. All you need is a stiff breeze and about 30 minutes of practice to master basic cruising over open terrain. Experienced riders will be able to break highway speed limits and soar over two-story buildings, making this ideal for testing out the revamped health-care system. There are various shapes and sizes, tailored to your bulk and skill level.

M11x

Alienware • Starting at $799

Never before has so much raw gaming power been concentrated into such a teeny-weeny laptop. The M11x is less than a foot wide and lighter than 4.5 pounds, yet it outperforms most desktop towers in terms of CPU speed and graphical wallop. The recession-friendly base model comes with two gigs of RAM and an NVIDIA GeForce graphics card that's peppy enough to run the latest *Call of Duty* game at a smooth 30 frames per second. Dial back the display settings and you can eke out nearly nine hours of juice on a single battery charge. And if the 11-inch screen feels too small for gaming or watching movies at home, just jack the laptop into your big-screen high-def TV via an HDMI cable. Your eyeballs won't know what hit 'em.

Vanguard Evolve Sunglasses

Smith • $119

A wise man once said it's better to look good than to feel good. We prefer to go for both. These big, bold wraparound frames give you the appearance of a Special Forces beach bum, while the polarized lenses filter out 99 percent of glare from the sea, sand, or street. Plus, they're crafted from durable, renewable bio-plastic. Storm the beach with a clear environmental conscience.

Titan Collar Stays

Exuvius • $50 for two pairs

Become the hero of impromptu office parties with these lightweight metal strips. They dutifully keep your shirt collar stiff during buttoned-down business hours, but feature built-in bottle openers so you're ready in a second when quitting time rolls around. Each sturdy, laser-cut titanium stay also functions as a screwdriver. Female coworkers will admire your fashion sense, male coworkers will aspire to be equally handy, and that really annoying guy in IT will wonder why his cubicle fell apart.

Become the hero of impromptu office parties with Titan Collar Stays' built-in bottle openers and screwdriver.

Optio W90

Pentax • $330

This "adventure-proof" camera might be tougher than you are. Its sturdy case is waterproof to 20 feet, shockproof to four feet, chillproof to sub-freezing temperatures, and sandproof for bikini-photo beach safaris. Beneath that thick skin is the feature-filled 12.1-megapixel camera. Image-stabilization and face-detection modes make for crisp portraits; LED lights lining the lens enhance fine details on ultra-close-up objects. The 2.7-inch display screen is bright enough to see underwater, and video records in 720p, so you can impress chicks with high-definition footage of your near-death experiences.

Outsider Tide

Nixon • $150

Never end up in the wrong place at the wrong tide. This surf watch displays tide data for 200 beaches in easy-to-decipher graphics. Seasoned swell-seekers can dive into the Outsider's forecasting features, including tide readings for vacation spots up to 15 years in the future. A patented latch keeps the watch locked to your wrist in the event of rogue waves or encounters with frisky marine life.

i-tab

i-tab • $200

For those about to rock out with their you-know-what out, the i-tab salutes you. This wireless guitar assistant sits at the head of your ax and scrolls easy-to-follow tablature notes on its five-inch touch screen. It comes preloaded with tabs for 30 songs, including hits from U2 and the Rolling Stones, and you can download additional tabs from a library of thousands for 25 cents a pop. It will even play backing tracks through its external speakers or headphones, and offers free instructional videos. This just might be the only gadget capable of teaching proper string strumming to the attention-deficit *Guitar Hero* generation.

SCOUNDREL

Shore Leave

Once you set a precedent by vacationing with a girl, leaving her behind takes finesse. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to break free from the anchor weighing you down.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
For the past several summers, I've been going to the beach for a week with my college friends and our current girlfriends. My girl has come with me for the past three years, and she loves it. But this year, the guy whose name is on the lease just broke up with his girlfriend; he's insisting on making it guys-only and sold the other dudes on creeping for girls Jersey Shore–style. That's fine by me, except I don't know how to break it to my girlfriend. She's already been talking about it for months. But there's no way I'm bringing her—my buddies would never forgive me for raining on their pussy parade.

You're going to turn the beachside love shack into a balls-to-the-wall stabbin' cabin? Bob Vila would be proud. There's nothing wrong with your brokenhearted bro craving some motion by the ocean, but whatever you do, don't tell your girl the plan is trolling for shore whores. Before she'll see you off to Margaritaville, she'll grill you like a pig on a spit and bust your balls so hard you'll feel like they're clams dropped on the rocks. Instead, bury her head in the sand by telling her your boy has completely lost it and has joined up in Robert Bly's "mythopoetic man's movement"—you might want to Google this. Say he wants to awaken his friends' repressed masculinity via fireside drum circles. "I know it's ridiculous," you'll say, "but he's in a bad place and we feel like we should be there for him." (You also should mention that part of the mythopoetic men's movement is taking out the trash more often.)

In short, you want to paint a picture of animal pelts on head, not bikini bottoms on face. She'll leave you to your "retreat" when she realizes it entails going into the woods and reconnecting with your lost father, not getting wood and asking a stripper, "Who's your daddy?"

That said, you will have to make it up to her by taking her shopping in Paris, or on some other gay-cation you've been avoiding. Even I can't help you with that.

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THE POUR HOUSE

TIPPLING IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

A chance encounter with a bottle of overproof *bai jiu* leads one globe-trotting writer on a tasting quest of some of China's liquid spirits.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

It was a cool, salt-breezed fall night in Qingdao, the Chinese coastal city best known as Tsingtao beer's birthplace, and I was about to pass out in my plate full of crispy pork.

I'd entered the restaurant—situated in a landlocked building resembling a boat—to dine with tourism officials touting their brewery's bounty. Dinner at the circular table started pleasantly, with translated small talk and platters of tangy fish and spicy swine. But thanks to two little words, the night abruptly veered left into intoxication.

"Gan bei!" shouted the khaki-clad head of Qingdao tourism. He hoisted a glass brimming not with beer but clear *bai jiu*—a viciously overproof, unaged grain liquor that smells and tastes like airplane fuel.

"What's *gan bei*?" I asked my translator. She explained that *gan bei* roughly means "bottoms up." When a toast is followed by *gan bei,* everyone empties their vessels. Refusing to drink is disrespectful; imbibing as much as a frat pledge is commended.

"It's a matter of pride," my translator said, motioning to my full glass. Was *pride* another word for public intoxication? I tossed back the *bai jiu* and smiled tightly, tears welling while the liquor blazed to my gut. The Chinese contingent clapped, as if I'd sunk a difficult putt. Waiters refilled our glasses. *"Gan bei!"* the host toasted. I matched him, drink for drink, the thunderous applause like sweet music.

Sometime before blacking out I thought, *China is a country where a drunk could feel right at home*.

Besides the odd Tsingtao, I'd never consumed much Chinese booze. But about a year ago, following a dumpling lunch in Manhattan's Chinatown, I entered a liquor store to buy bourbon. What instead caught my attention were dusty bottles of *bai jiu,* most with triple-digit proofs. Intrigued, I selected an Er Guo Tou–brand bottle styled with a red star.

"Be careful," cautioned a clerk, like I was a kid lighting bottle rockets. I understood his warning that evening when I drank my first bolt of *bai jiu.* It was like liquid fire, moonshine from a distant, drunken land. I was equally repulsed and captivated: What other spirits did China offer the discerning dipsomaniac?

With a fervor typically reserved for scholarly research, I investigated Chinese alcohol. As is appropriate for a country of a billion people, there are a billion ways to get hangovers, from potent rice wine to low-alcohol lager beers to chardonnays made with grapes plucked from native vineyards. Chinese chardonnay? Faster than you can say *cirrhosis,* I booked a flight for Hangzhou by way of Beijing, taking along an open mind, a willing liver, and lots of ibuprofen.

"Gan bei!" the host toasted. Sometime before blacking out I thought, *China is a country where a drunk could feel right at home.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) JAN TROWER/ROBERT HARDING WORLD IMAGERY/CORBIS, (TSINGTAO) PSL IMAGES/ALAMY; (RIGHT PAGE) JOSH BERNSTEIN

Upon landing in Beijing, my translator and I flew to Hangzhou, located about 110 miles south of Shanghai. The historic city's highlight is bucolic West Lake. It's surrounded by pagodas, ancient temples, and restaurants serving the local specialties—sweet, vinegary West Lake fish and weak Xihu light beer. Xihu was crisp and energetically effervescent, but at just 1.9 proof, it was half as potent as Coors Light.

"You can drink this all day without getting drunk," enthused our local guide, Wilson, as if this were a selling point. Equally unappetizing was the mahogany-hued rice wine, which tasted like wood-aged cough syrup. "It is ... an acquired taste," Wilson said, pouring another glass for himself. Dinner that night brought another disappointment: a domestically produced Changyu dry red wine. It was thin and metallic, as if the grapes had been flavored with aluminum foil.

"Do you not like wine?" Wilson asked, noticing my full cup.

"I prefer beer," I answered diplomatically, ordering another Xihu.

Perhaps sensing my need to expand my alcohol palate, the next day Wilson took me to the Sanbai Wine Workshop at nearby Wuzhen Water Town. It's a Venice-like city settled on the banks of the Jinghang Grand Canal. The dusty, open-air workshop smelled of sweet rot, thanks to sticky steamed rice that's fermented for up to four months and distilled into high-test hooch. It tasted like sake's tough older brother—unrefined, sure, but still plenty tasty.

From Wuzhen we went to towering Shanghai. I spent my days slurping pork-broth-filled soup dumplings and my nights drinking Suntory beer. Its cardboard flavor was made palatable by the 30-cent price tag. I hoped for finer drinks in the coastal Penglai region, where the mineral-rich soil is ripe for grape growing. Across the countryside, the Chinese government has built knockoff chateaus and castles that appear to have been airlifted from France's Loire Valley. Most were empty, like condos built during America's real-estate boom.

"In the next ten years, we predict Penglai will be China's biggest wine country," Jenny Chi, a Penglai government official, told me hopefully. We were at the Disney-like Chateau Junding complex, located in the—I kid you not—Nava Valley. While brides and grooms snapped wedding pictures in front of the castle-like facade, we lunched on dumplings and steaks and drank a complex cabernet merlot with a long finish. Though the wine was a delight, the service was bewildering. Waiters dumped wine into water pitchers, doling it out in maddening one-ounce increments—every sip was my last.

China's wine culture, I realized, is

as badly translated as a shuttered restaurant's sign: PLEASE FORGIVE TO BE INCONTINENT FOR INTERIOR DECORATION. The chateaus' walls were as hollow as a movie set's. During tasting sessions, red wine was chugged. Bottles sold for hundreds of dollars, though cost had no bearing on quality. It was smoke-and-mirrors Sonoma. While great Chinese wines (like Grace Vineyard's) existed, the vintages I sampled were mainly plonk, like the oxidized chardonnay from Chateau Changyu-Castel, which also sold *san bian jiu*—a "medicinal" tonic colloquially known as "three-penis wine." Whose three penises, I didn't dare ask.

I drank away the wine-country disappointment at the Tsingtao Brewery. Its full-bodied, generously hopped, unfiltered draft beer was as fine as any American microbrew, and the roasty stout would be welcome at any British pub. Still, by the time I reached Beijing, I was burned out on Chinese booze. Seeking salvation, I called my friend Blake, who edits the English-language events magazine *City Weekend*. Blake steered me to the hulking Workers' Stadium, which

hosted soccer matches during the 2008 Olympics but is now a nightlife destination. We entered a takeout restaurant dubbed Stadium Dog, then detoured downstairs. Blake pressed a hidden switch and, like something from *Scooby-Doo,* a wall slid open. A plume of smoke wafted out.

"Welcome to the Fubar speakeasy," Blake said, leading me to a seat beside chatty expats sipping cheap, brawny mixed drinks. It felt like home away from home. I ordered two gin and tonics, delivered in giant rocks glasses by the bald, friendly owner, Chad Lager. I told him my tale of rotgut liquors and tannic wines. "These will cure what ails you," Lager said, watching as I sipped—citric tang, boozy wallop, sweet tonic kiss. Bliss. One G&T led to more, as midnight blended into a blurry 2 A.M. "When's last call?" I asked Lager, eager to sneak in one final cocktail.

"We don't ever have to close," Lager said, grabbing my empty glass, which didn't stay empty for long. "If you know where to go, China is a drinker's paradise."

czech mate

The Australian edition of *Penthouse* recently celebrated its 30th anniversary. In honor of the occasion, the staff named Tarra White, a fiery 34D-24-34 adult-film star, Pet of the Month. As we congratulate our sister publication from the land down under on its milestone birthday, we take a page from its book, so to speak, and welcome the lovely 22-year-old to the States. She's giving us a very good day, mate.

Photographs by Andrew K.

"On my first film, we shot a scene in front of a university in Prague. I was totally naked in the middle of the street, with lots of people watching!"

"I've been doing a lot of strip shows in Italy lately, and traveling a lot to promote my movies. Oh, and I read the news naked on a Czech TV show."

"The best thing about my career so far is the travel. Shooting in Madagascar was just amazing. It's so great to meet new people and learn new languages."

"I don't have a lot of spare time, but when I do I like to hang with my girlfriends—partying, watching movies, shopping, drinking champagne, and going wild!"

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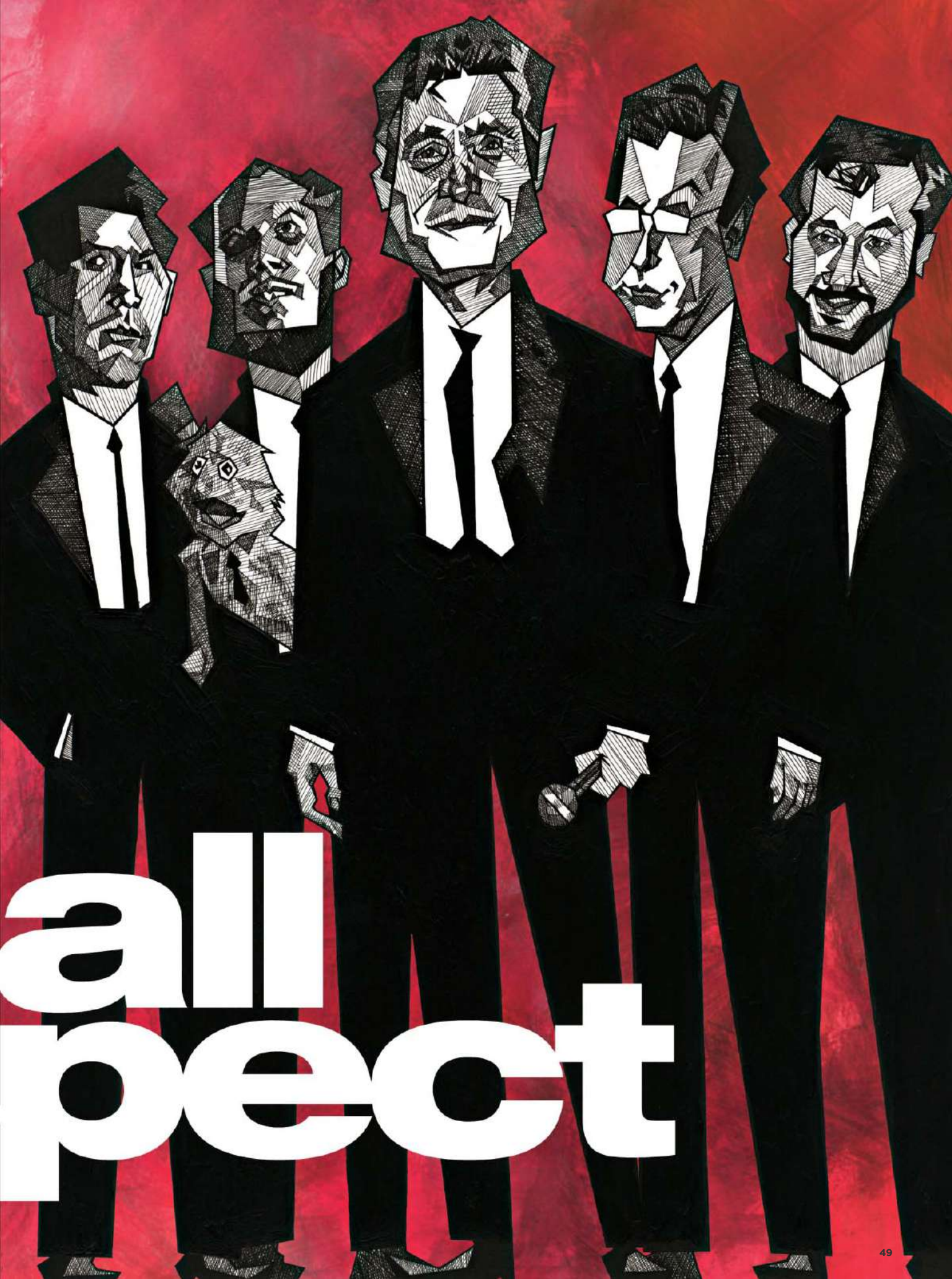
Today's ribald revolutionaries aren't "throwing Molotov cocktails in some banana republic," says the new book *¡Satiristas!*, "they're slinging jokes 'cause they're going bananas over the state of our republic." If George Orwell was correct when he said, "Whatever is funny is subversive," these fearless freedom fighters should be at the top of the FBI's Most Wanted list.

By Paul Provenza

with disres

Illustration by Mitchell MacNaughton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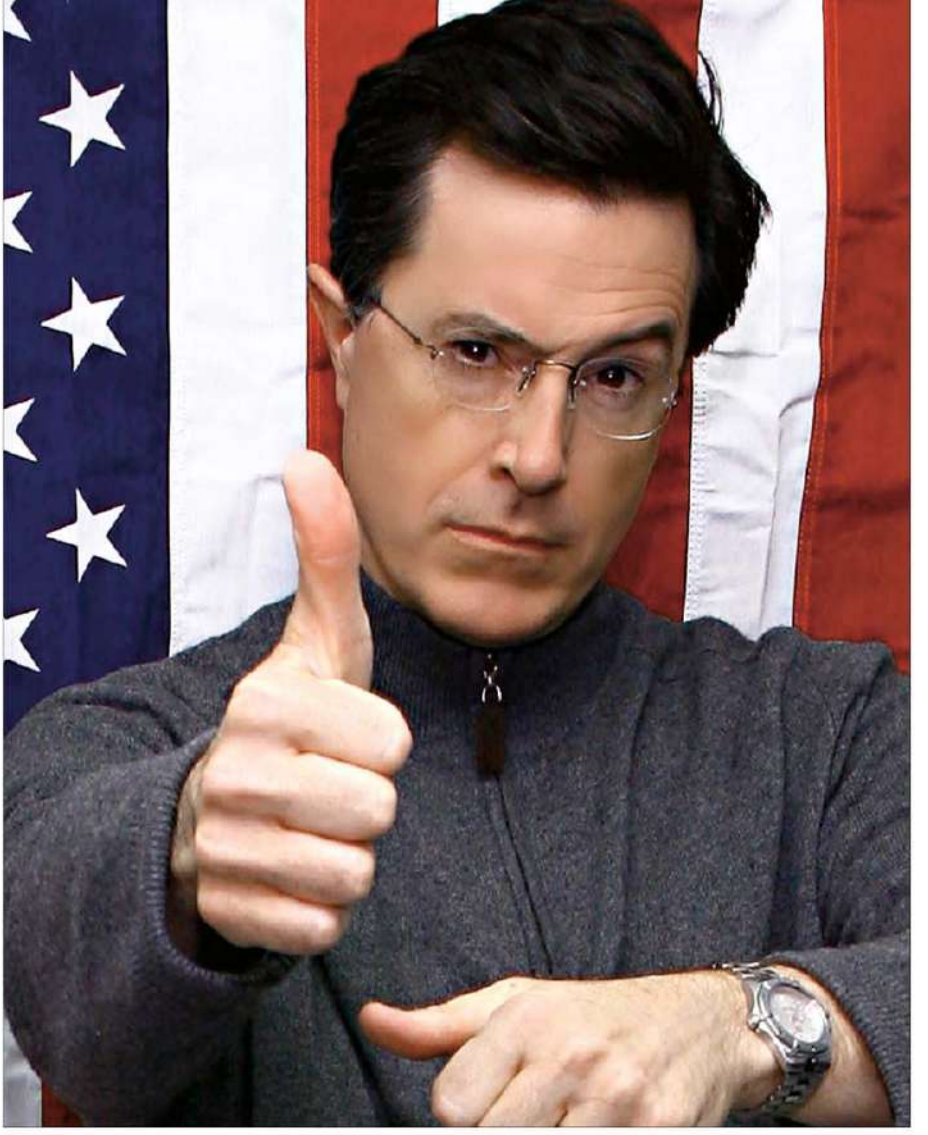
STEPHEN COLBERT



When Colbert appeared at the 2006 White House Press Correspondents' Dinner eviscerating President Bush to his face, he was hailed as a conquering hero. It was a moment that gave everyone in comedy pause, and made them question their own timidity. But while the comedy community—and many Americans—view Colbert as important and uncompromisingly ballsy, the man himself has a more measured view of what he does and the impact it has.

COLBERT: I don't consider what I did at the White House Correspondents' Dinner brave. Anti-authoritarian maybe, but I think there's a difference between that and bravery, because I *enjoyed* myself. I was not afraid of the people in the room. I think "bravery" is action in the face of what you consider reasonable fear. But I wasn't afraid; I was so *excited*. It's like, if there was this chasm to go over and my jokes were my bridge, I had confidence in the construction. I was so happy to go and do it.

PROVENZA: I couldn't help but wonder if they had any idea they were letting a fox into the Republican henhouse. If so, someone there has a real subversive streak.

COLBERT: I have to say that, afterward, I wrote to the Correspondents' Association people who had asked me to do it and said, "I had a wonderful time, I certainly hope I didn't make any trouble for you." Because I *didn't* want to; they were very nice to me, and I'm not an *assassin*. I really like doing my work and my jokes, but I really didn't want to fuck this guy who booked me. But he said, "We *loved* it! Thank you. We're thrilled."

PROVENZA: You faced some apparent disdain from Bush and others on the dais, and as I watched it I couldn't help thinking, *His tax returns for the past ten years had better be impeccable.* Do you think it was perceived as more than comedy? That it was a real confrontation with the powers that be?

COLBERT: Oh, I don't know if it was seen like that. I know that afterward there was a lot of talk in the press and the blogosphere about it, and much was made of whether there was any significance to the evening, but I purposely haven't read that stuff, and in the room, nobody talked to me, so I have no idea.

PROVENZA: Spoiler alert: A lot of people *did* see it that way. So you're in what seems to me a very odd position: You're an actor, a comedian, and a comedy writer, but you and your show are quoted in op-ed pages, studies say you're considered by many to be an actual news source—or at least an alternative to distrusted news sources—and you, your jokes, and this comic character are part of the national discourse. Is that disconcerting?

COLBERT: I don't know whether I accept that, Mr. Provenza. What I mean is, I don't accept that responsibility, because I don't accept *any* responsibility for anything I do, but I also don't know if I accept that premise. I don't necessarily think that my work is all that informative or all that influential. I think that it *is* influential in this regard: that I can make people feel better at times about something that otherwise might make them feel *sick*. But I don't know if that's the same thing as changing their minds. Surely someone's given you the Peter Cook quote about satirists. When asked, "Does satire have a political effect?" he said something to the effect of, "Absolutely. All that great satire of the Weimar cabaret, look how they stopped Hitler."

I think when we do the show well, or when I do my job well, on some level it reflects honest, passionately held beliefs. Now, could those influence people? They could. But I'm not doing it to do so, and I'm not expecting it to. I don't feel it's a failure if it doesn't. If somebody tells me that I influenced them, it's not for me to say they're wrong, but that's not my goal and it's not the definition of my success. I'm out for laughs. When people came up to me after the Correspondents' Dinner and said, "Fuck those people, man. What does it matter if they laugh?" I was like, "No, it kind of *matters* to me."

PROVENZA: So as satirists, by picking up and commenting on what's already churning in the media, are we not then allowing ourselves to be "hijacked" the way the news cycle is? Should we be the ones to dig deeper to find

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT WINTROW/GETTY IMAGES

"One of the great sins in modern news is that **the facts really don't matter. . . .** And 'sin' is a strong word, but I'm a Catholic."

some other take than what's already gained traction? Or finding out what is *not* already in the discourse—but maybe *should* be—and presenting that instead?

COLBERT: I agree, and I think I do it. The danger, for example, is that I've got to do a show tonight, and today, the scripts aren't ready. Generally, we have scripts in pretty good shape 24 hours ahead of time, but we're doing a soup-to-nuts rewrite today. Sometimes you get pressed by that clock into a point of view that you don't necessarily believe is the best, but that you know that will be *comedically* successful. That is a danger, but we try to continually name that danger. If we don't do it *half* the time, I feel great.

I can understand getting hijacked by a particular take, because on *The Colbert Report* we're constantly going, "Do we really want to say that, or are we just parodying what other people are saying?" We ask, "Is that really what the story is about?" all the time. I'm sure *actual* news [people] ask themselves that question all the time. But then there's the hungry beast of the clock, which goes, "Come on, we know Blitzer's going to be out there in *The Situation Room* in five minutes. What's the story?"

And they go, "Well, *this* is just being reported."

"Okay, let's just go with *that*." I'm as human as they are. But the real crime here is laziness. Lazy thought and willful ignorance. After the first time we ever did *The Colbert Report,* I said, "If this show works and goes on and on for years, it won't matter who's in office, what the political landscape is, or what the story of the day is, because what we're talking about is willful ignorance of *facts* over what *feels* like news to you, what *feels* like the story, what *feels* like the truth." I said, "*That* will *never* go away."

One of the great sins in modern news is that the facts really don't matter. Those nighttime shows are the most popular shows and they are all about *feeling*. That is not a sin specifically of the guys that I parody, that is a sin (and "sin" is a strong word, but I'm a Catholic) of laziness and fear—laziness about getting a different take on a subject, and fear that you won't serve the beast of the clock on the wall. In my opinion. I could be wrong—I'm a comedian.

PROVENZA: On *The Colbert Report,* you're actually satirizing a form and type of media personality more than satirizing newsmakers.

COLBERT: We do both. I may be stealing this definition of satire from somebody, but "satire is *parody with a point.*" Presently, I am parodying willful ignorance. But I have to say the medium is a lot of my message.

PROVENZA: Do you meet people who don't get it? Who don't see your character as a character?

COLBERT: People who care to know me generally get it. I'm not saying people *never* get it wrong, but I myself have only encountered that once: When I was still at *The Daily Show,* I did a piece about how diverse the population of delegates was at the National Democratic Convention: African-Americans, Native Americans, Jews, environmentalists —or "tree huggers," as I'd call them— homosexual-rights lobbyists, union workers, "Ghandi Indians"—as I called them, as opposed to "Sitting Bull Indians"—that kind of thing. I got them all together on a panel and tried to get them to agree on things. Of course I picked very divisive topics, and it ended up being a cacophony that I just walked out of, like I couldn't wait to get to the Republican Convention where they all spoke with one voice.

Then I went to do a piece at the Republican Convention. It had been kind of a *dull* night. Madison Square Garden was empty, but I'm sitting in the bleachers, thinking, *How am I going to cut this together into something?* and a guy comes over in one of those "here's your cowboy hat for being at the convention" cowboy hats and he says, "I'm from the Bush headquarters in Dallas, and I gotta tell you, I *love* that piece you did on the Democrats and how many crazy different kinds of people they have! I mean, what are they thinkin', man? They're never going to get that coalition together."

And I said, "Oh, that's interesting. Um, you know, that was *ironic*. The whole point of it was that it's a nice effort to *try* to get those kinds of people together. It was really kind of a celebration of what they were doing, and the idea that the Republicans are all one voice is a criticism of what is essentially the patriarchal power structure still propped up by the white, Christian, male leadership of the Republican Party."

That was generally the idea of what I said to him, and he looks at me and goes, "Huh. Well ... I'll take your word for it, but it was funny as hell, man. We play it all the time."

Then he just walked away, and I went, "Oh ... *okaaaay.*"

PROVENZA: I can't help wondering if that may happen more often than you're aware.

COLBERT: I think maybe you're right, too. I don't put much stock in things like the Pew Research Center study that says young people get more of their news from me and Jon Stewart than any other place. *However* ... Harvard did a study at the Kennedy School about Jon Stewart's and my demographics. Basically, it said that traditional Democrats watch his show 46 percent to my 29 percent, something like that, and traditional Republicans watch me 49 percent to his 25 percent. So there might actually *be* some "I identify with what that guy's saying." There *might* be a little bit of that in there.

PROVENZA: And does it matter?

COLBERT: Oh, it absolutely doesn't matter to me. I'm not crafting my work for a demographic. I'm just glad people watch, and I don't suppose they'd watch other than to laugh. So if they're laughing, then that's fine with me.

PROVENZA: Given that "willful ignorance" is bipartisan, do you consider yourself left-wing or right-wing?

COLBERT: There are times that my character's ignorance of himself allows him to say liberal things or even hold liberal ideas without any knowledge of it. In reference to my character, he's generally conservative.

I myself sometimes agree with him. It doesn't matter to me if my audience knows when that is, but I *do* sometimes agree with my character. But generally speaking, if you slap me

across the face at 3 A.M. and say, "What are you?" I'd say I'm a liberal.
PROVENZA: Can people not take the point seriously since it's just from a quasi-fictional character? And if they hold views you mock, can't they just say to themselves, "Oh, that guy's just a joke"?
COLBERT: I try to wear his mask *lightly,* but never really take it off *fully,* because it allows me to say things that you would not forgive *me* for saying. For instance: "That Rosa Parks is overrated. Let's not forget she got famous for breaking the law, okay? Last time I checked, we don't honor lawbreakers. I think that gets lost in this whole back-of-the-bus thing. Don't get me wrong, it took a lot of courage, but I think we're burying the lead here. She's a *criminal*." I can get away with that through the mask of my character.

I suppose many comedians keep some level of mask between themselves and the audience, and the audience agrees to let them get away with it, but I wear it all the time on my show, to various thicknesses. That's how the character helps me. I can get away with shit. Most of the time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN DION / RETNA LTD.

VERNON CHATMAN & JOHN LEE

Vernon Chatman was a consultant on *South Park* (and gave voice to the lovable Towelie), won an Emmy for *The Chris Rock Show,* and wrote for *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* before joining creative forces with John Lee to cocreate, write, and produce the now-defunct MTV series *Wonder Showzen,* the brilliantly twisted anti–*Sesame Street* for the nihilist child and bipolar Muppet in all of us. They are the team behind the ethereally funny *Xavier: Renegade Angel,* and the deadpan unreality show *Delocated,* both for Adult Swim. Along with their partners in PFFR, their production company/band/art collective kinda sorta, they just may be the darkest, most inventive, imaginatively subversive minds working in television comedy today.

CHATMAN: On *Wonder Showzen,* we put all our darkness and cynicism through the vessel of a child. That's it. That was the entire premise of that show.
LEE: Because if *we* do it, we're assholes, but if a little kid does it, it's cute and funny.
CHATMAN: Ironic and deep.
LEE: It *says* something.
PROVENZA: Well, you know.... It *does,* actually.
CHATMAN: But we weren't like, "This is an important thing." Mostly, it was, "These are scrappy little shitty, cynical things we want to say and if we get a kid to say it, it's funny." I don't think we ever think much about a point. We're not that smart. The degree to which we put any statement in is "just enough to keep things interesting."
PROVENZA: That show grabbed me right away, because I despise prepackaged, one-size-fits-all sentimentality. To be cynical about it in the context of a kid's show I think is substantive.
CHATMAN: We want to smash those smiles off people's faces.
PROVENZA: We're always surrounded by so much artificial sentimentality, which I find vulgar. Whenever I see those sweatshirts with cute little kittens and puppies on them, I think of the factories where five-year-olds make them for two cents a month.
CHATMAN: All the emotions that go into all that are fuel, sure, but it's also a dark black hole to go down; it's not that creative. It wasn't just cynicism with *Wonder Showzen*. A lot of it was that kids are just funny and fun. They're anarchic and goofy. Their personality and energy bring out the kid in *us*.
PROVENZA: Was your voice as a stand-up similar to your voice on TV?
CHATMAN: I definitely indulged in rape and abortion jokes and the darkest, bleakest shit. But there are limits when you have a live audience. When you're on TV, you're not in the room, so they can't punch you.
LEE: Were you punched onstage?
CHATMAN: I've been punched as a result of *Wonder Showzen*. Doing the Clarence puppet with strangers in Central Park, we got knives pulled on us; I got punched in the head in a restaurant—
PROVENZA: It seems endemic for many of us in comedy that, for some twisted reason, it's more compelling when someone gets upset about something *we* think is funny than just to see them enjoying themselves.
LEE: Somehow what you're talking about is kind of sad. Being cruel and pushing somebody is much more

somber than someone going, "Hey! Here's ten jokes about rednecks."
PROVENZA: Are we just hiding cruelty because it's funny enough on the surface?
LEE: We just can't think about it. People ask us, "Should you really have little kids saying stuff like that?" And we're like, "Yeah, it's fine; they know about it." But really, ultimately, probably not.

There *is* something cruel to it, but the larger point of it being funny and somewhat interesting makes it okay in *our* world. I feel fine with it because I *do* think it's funny and it *was* interesting to show that contrast.
CHATMAN: We put our Clarence puppet on the street to provoke people, just to get people mad at a puppet. It *is* a shitty thing to do, that if *they* get angry, *you've* got a good shot. And I see people I fucked with walking down the street, too. I saw this crazy hippie we had harassed, and he recognized me and punched me two years later. He's like a gnome with a blanket and he flipped it on me. I inhaled all of those germs.
LEE: *Ewww,* hippie dust.
PROVENZA: In his defense, when Clarence provoked, it was from a heady place. Harassing joggers in the park with "What are you running from, your fears?" and "You can't run away from the truth." Pretty big ideas for a puppet.
CHATMAN: That's inevitable with a show that's "cute" on the surface. For the contrast, you go to the darkest place possible and put the brightest colors on it. That's sort of our personality. Thematically, we don't *really* talk about the big things. We just focus on the joke. People who are thinking about "the grand statement" are probably working at Kinko's right now.
PROVENZA: Have you had much resistance?
CHATMAN: Yeah, we got canceled. And it took six years to even get *Wonder Showzen* on the air.
PROVENZA: On your "Beat Kids" segment, this cute little kid was obviously being fed lines, but the adults he was screwing with never seemed to register that. It's amazing.
CHATMAN: We'd go right up to him and whisper stuff right in his ear! Everyone *always* saw it.
LEE: They'd be arguing with the kid, we'd whisper right into the kid's ear, the kid would say it, and they'd literally go, "Where'd you *get* this kid? It's incredible what this kid says!"
CHATMAN: Weird psychological trick. Very strange. We'd have the kid say something offensive and then we'd go, "Trevor! How *could* you?!" clearly acknowledging the obvious charade, but people still seemed to buy it. They don't seem to notice the camera, the whispering, *anything*.
PROVENZA: Have you had any dealings with—
CHATMAN: Death threats? Have I had dealings with death threats? I've had a death threat. White supremacists, wasn't it?
LEE: Yeah. But it seemed like some kind of a prank.
CHATMAN: I hope it was real. That'd be comedy cred, right?
LEE: That's cool. Like getting raped in prison.
CHATMAN: We did this thing celebrating white culture: "This episode of *Wonder Showzen* is brought to you by ... white people." And we guess someone saw that and said, "You're making fun of white people? That's not right."
LEE: There were online debates where people liked *certain* points of the racism. "I like *that* racism, but are they making fun of white people in *this* bit?" I guess people like that get easily duped.
CHATMAN: We'd have a joke that's ironically racist, but then you'd see people who are—
LEE: —*really* racist.
CHATMAN: —*happy* there's racism there. There's a lot of paranoia that we have the wrong people with us sometimes.
LEE: But you can't let stupid people stop you from doing stuff.
CHATMAN: People who misinterpret your jokes, that's *their* problem. We had a little kid dressed up like Hitler, asking people, "What's wrong with the youth of today?" And that only came up because we wrote another bit we thought would never get through, so we thought, *What's the craziest, stupidest thing we could come up with?*
LEE: We'll put *that* in the script, and they'll say, "You can't do this *and* that," and we'd go, "Okay, we won't do *that,* we'll just do *this*."
CHATMAN: But they went, "Oh. Okay."
LEE: "Can't *wait* to see the kid in the Hitler outfit."
CHATMAN: We were like, "Holy *shit*." We were legitimately like, "Is this *right*?"
LEE: We went back and forth on it for like ... a minute. Ha! No, overnight.
CHATMAN: Then it was a matter of convincing a kid's parent to let us do it with him, and can we convince ourselves that there's *any* actual legitimacy to the whole thing?
LEE: It at least has a legitimate question: What *is* wrong with the youth of today?
CHATMAN: There's nothing I regret in that bit, but I think some people were hurt or offended.
LEE: The saddest thing was that some people saw the kid and said, "Is that little kid dressed up as somebody? Who's he supposed to be?" One guy asked, "Is he that Korean guy?"
CHATMAN: He's got the moustache, the hair, armbands, swastika—everything. Marching around, arm stuck up—
LEE: Some people had *no* idea, that was the most disturbing thing about it.
CHATMAN: The kid's going, "What's wrong with the youth of today?" and I'm thinking, *What the fuck is wrong with* everybody*?*
LEE: We were like, "He's dressed like *Hitler*! That's, like, *the* number-one bad guy, isn't it?"
PROVENZA: I can't help wondering what the network *didn't* let you do.
LEE: The censors never saw us, never met us, and we did some black satire and they asked us over the phone—
CHATMAN: "Is one of you black? Maybe if it was a black person...." And I'm half-black, so I said, "Yeah." And then they had nothing more to say to us!
LEE: Crazy, right? That's completely nonsensical.
CHATMAN: That's the scary thing about network standards people:

"Doing the Clarence puppet with strangers in Central Park, we got knives pulled on us. **I got punched in the head in a restaurant.**"

If somebody's white, they don't feel comfortable judging what's acceptable to blacks, whether it's okay to say "nigger" here or there, so they just don't touch it. So ... hey! How about you hire a black person? There's an idea!

PROVENZA: So you guys say a horrible word on TV, and in return a major network finally hires a black executive. That's an interesting conundrum.

CHATMAN: Right. Of course, throwing it back in their face like that doesn't usually help.

LEE: I'm a quarter Asian. That's why we hooked up; we thought we could cover a lot of racial territory.

CHATMAN: My favorite example of that is in *South Park*. The Mr. Garrison character can say "faggot" because *he's* gay, but another character—with the same guy doing both voices—can't.

LEE: So they really believe the character's a real person and acknowledge him as a citizen.

PROVENZA: Should everybody have the right to say things?

LEE: Are we contributing to the moral demise of the country? Yes. They were always sensitive about religious stuff, too. That was kind of the biggest thing. We had a little puppet on the cross, and they said, "You can do God, you just can't do Jesus. God is just an abstract idea, but Jesus? People will get offended."

CHATMAN: Someone actually said this to us. Please print that; I want it on the record. I'll say it again so you get it right, and you promise you'll print it. Someone at the network said, "You can make fun of God because he doesn't exist, but you can't make fun of Jesus, because he's God's son."

JUDD APATOW

Though he felt unable to find his own unique voice and persona as a stand-up, Judd Apatow's outsized comic gifts and originality were immediately apparent, and earned him the respect of some of comedy's biggest names. A gifted writer, he moved easily into writing and producing television, yielding cult hits *The Ben Stiller Show, The Larry Sanders Show, The Critic, Freaks and Geeks,* and *Undeclared*. He transitioned deftly into features, producing *The Cable Guy* and *Anchorman* before breaking out as a writer/director with the sleeper hit *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and becoming the most in-demand—and profitable—comedy guru in Hollywood. Apatow has raised the bar for exploring heartfelt, touching human experience through sometimes profane, always smart comedy.

APATOW: I think it's fun when men open up. That's why in *Knocked Up,* they take mushrooms so they can say what they're really thinking—which *I* did once; I was on mushrooms on a first date with this woman and after she rejected me, for three straight hours, I just asked her why.

PROVENZA: Two women opening up to each other isn't as comedically interesting to me, because women tend to do that naturally. But guys trying to be open and vulnerable while trying to be macho and strong at the same time is pure comic fodder.

APATOW: I think a lot of that's just being uncomfortable being a man and the struggle to "own" your masculinity and cockiness as part of all that. I've always found that funny. The goofy guy *trying* to figure out how to be confident is one of the funniest things of all to me. I also think there's an interesting dynamic of women "straightening out" men or trying to manipulate them into being something different. *That* struggle is always human, and *really* good for comedy.

PROVENZA: And they're usually both right and both wrong—that's what's really funny.

APATOW: I learned slowly over the years that I'm wrong about most everything. In every fight, there's that struggle to accept the fact that you're wrong about something and how hard you'll hold on to being right.

PROVENZA: Your movies say a lot about the male-female dynamic, evolution into manhood, and our assumptions about *all* that sort of stuff, I think. But they're not always appreciated for that, are they?

APATOW: People see the movies through their subjective eyes. Some critics said they're sexist, but to me the whole point is that there's no way the guys could be worse with their behavior; it's about their *struggle*

"I find idiots to be really funny.... Because they're a mess, and **it's funny to watch people who are a mess** try to get it together."

to grow up, to be *able* to handle a family and kids and whatever. With something like Seth saving his bong during an earthquake before thinking about his pregnant girlfriend, I'm *trying* to show the worst side of a man.

And I should also be able to show the worst side of a woman, which sometimes is being pregnant and hormonal and kicking your boyfriend out of the car in the middle of a major intersection. You go into nesting mode, your hormones are kicking in, you're in a panic trying to hold it all together, and once in a while it just blows—at the man you're with, or at someone you bump into walking down the street. That is *very* real, *very* human, and also very *funny*.

In *Knocked Up,* I tried to show a really unpleasant relationship; two people that don't really work well together. I always thought, *These two might not last three weeks after this movie ends.* It doesn't even *imply* they'll be together forever, but I like that they're saying, "We screwed up and got pregnant, but we owe it to the baby to at least find out if we could like each other. It'd be wrong to *not* find out." That's the point of the movie: They don't just blow each other off. It's an original premise, because people don't *do* that. People usually just head out of town.

And some people say, "Oh, come on, a woman like that would *never* go for *him*." Well, a goofy Jewish guy being with a gorgeous woman is not all that crazy. If you need proof, Google Image me and my wife. Look at my wife, then look at me.

PROVENZA: I walked out of *Pineapple Express*—a *very* funny movie—thinking, *I don't know whether this is a pro-pot or anti-pot movie.*

APATOW: That movie started because I watched *True Romance,* and Brad Pitt played this guy who was high in *one* scene, but he was so funny I wished they were chasing his character instead of Christian Slater, because it must be really hard to run away when you're *that* high. And I thought, *How great would it be to do a Cheech & Chong movie but with Jerry Bruckheimer–level action?* A big action movie, but they are just high out of their minds.

I had read *Superbad,* but couldn't get anybody to make it, so I thought, *If Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg wrote this stoner/action-movie idea, maybe that's more commercial.* I don't know why we thought the *pot* movie could be more commercial than the *liquor* movie, but *Superbad* ended up happening, and in the middle of shooting that, the studio said, "Since the alcohol movie seems to be going well, maybe we should make that pot movie, too."

Now, Seth and Evan always said, "*Superbad* is the kind of movie we *wish* someone would make. It's the way we talk, the kind of comedy we like, the kind of action we like," so it's been like hooking into two people with this unique perspective as young guys; how they look at the world and what they want to see. I can talk to them, like, "You have these friends in *Superbad,* but other than trying to get liquor, what's the movie *about*?" I said to them, "It's *really* about two guys that love each other and are about to separate probably for the rest of their lives, and they're heartbroken and mad that they can't stay together." That's the *engine* of *Superbad*.

With *Pineapple Express,* we kept saying, "What is this *about* underneath all this action and comedy and this tone?"

PROVENZA: Is it about class division? Self-delusion? Alternative realities?

APATOW: Our friend Ian Roberts from Upright Citizens Brigade did the table reading and said, "My favorite thing is that it's a story about a guy trying to figure out if he's really friends with his drug dealer or if he's just his drug dealer."

And that was *kind of* in there, but suddenly that became the story that motored the whole movie: "Am I really *friends* with this guy?"

But it's about Seth's character, who smokes pot, thinks it's okay to smoke pot, doesn't think it's dangerous, doesn't think there's any collateral damage, but he looks down on the guy who *sells* it to him. He slowly realizes smoking pot causes so much damage to him—and to other people by supporting, like, a whole *crime industry*.

I kinda wanted to say there are probably as many people getting killed from pot dealers as from coke dealers. Seth and I had an ongoing debate while making the movie. Seth always said it was *not* an anti-pot movie; I always said it *was:* "He smokes pot, has a terrible job, dates a high school girl, for the whole movie the dealer's trying to kill him, then at the end he realizes, 'Maybe I shouldn't live this way.' "

Seth said, "Nah, he'll probably just keep smoking pot."

So you *can* see it and think it shows the joys of smoking pot, but ... all *I* know is he gets his ear blown off, almost dies, and basically gets about 20 other people killed—so you'd kinda hope that the next day he wouldn't run straight to the pot dealer. But that's for people to debate.

My daughters are 12 and 7, and I think a lot about what they're going to make of my movies. Will they think they're unethical? That I'm promoting pot use? What I tell my 12-year-old is that I find idiots to be really funny. *That's* why they curse in my movies or smoke pot all the time: because they're a mess, and it's funny to watch people who are a mess try to get it together.

What's funny is some conservative website had *Knocked Up* and *Superbad* on their list of top-ten movies. They said, one says, "Don't have an abortion," and the other says, "Don't have sex before marriage." Neither is specifically what we intended to say, but.... Beneath it all, hopefully, is something positive to think about.

At the end of the day, I want to get my thoughts across *and* give the crowd a great time. Those things *can* work together.

From the book *¡Satiristas! Comedians, Contrarians, Raconteurs & Vulgarians* by Paul Provenza and Dan Dion.
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SUMMER SIZZLE

The movie theater has always provided an air-conditioned respite from the sweltering summer heat—but not this year. These starlets are doing everything in their power to make sure it's plenty hot in your local multiplex.

By Rebecca Swanner

Here's a dirty little secret: Your date/girlfriend/booty call would rather watch a movie with a hot heroine than sit through some testosterone-laden dude-fest. Luckily for both of you, this summer's blockbusters and indie films are decidedly date-friendly—and you'll be stoked to see your favorite sexy starlets along with some fresh eye candy. These women will make your summer moviegoing experience extra-pleasurable.

JUNE

THE VETERANS: JESSICA BIEL (*THE A-TEAM*)

Biel got her start as a preacher's daughter on *7th Heaven,* but we've enjoyed watching this brunette cutie shed that good-girl image. She followed up a risqué, underage photo shoot in *Gear* with roles as a slutty roommate in *Rules of Attraction* and a supertoned crossbow expert in *Blade: Trinity*. She went topless as an exotic dancer in *Powder Blue,* but we expect her to stay in uniform as a lieutenant pursuing the A-Team in this summer's campy revival. Still, you'll wish she was pursuing *you*.

MEGAN FOX (*JONAH HEX*)

Fox has been busy appearing on just about every list with "hottest" or "sexiest" in the title—and deservedly so. Millions of men have been clamoring for more Megan since she bent over that beaten-down Camaro in a denim miniskirt in *Transformers;* seeing her in short-shorts on a motorcycle in *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* was even better. She even spoofed her image in a 2010 Super Bowl commercial for ... something or other. We can't wait to see her heat-packing prostitute here. And if that's not enough, she'll star as Aspen Matthews in the film adaptation of *Fathom*. Like she hasn't given comics nerds enough wet dreams already.—*Kara Wahlgren*

GEMMA ARTERTON (*PRINCE OF PERSIA*)

The British bombshell plays a kidnapped princess in this blockbuster videogame adaptation, but she's no damsel in distress. The former Bond Girl can hold her own in action sequences alongside Jake Gyllenhaal—hell, she might even teach him a thing or two.
Hot History: In *Quantum of Solace,* her gorgeous redhead bedded Bond, but we prefer her full-frontal scenes in the English comedy *Three and Out*—why use your imagination when you don't have to?
What's Next: The title role of a flirty columnist in 2011's *Tamara Drewe*.

KATHERYN WINNICK (*KILLERS*)

Don't cross this blonde beauty. She's taken home silver medals in the Canadian Nationals for tae kwon do, holds a second-degree black belt in karate, and

Katheryn Winnick

Megan Fox

Jessica Biel

Jamie Chung

Kali Hawk

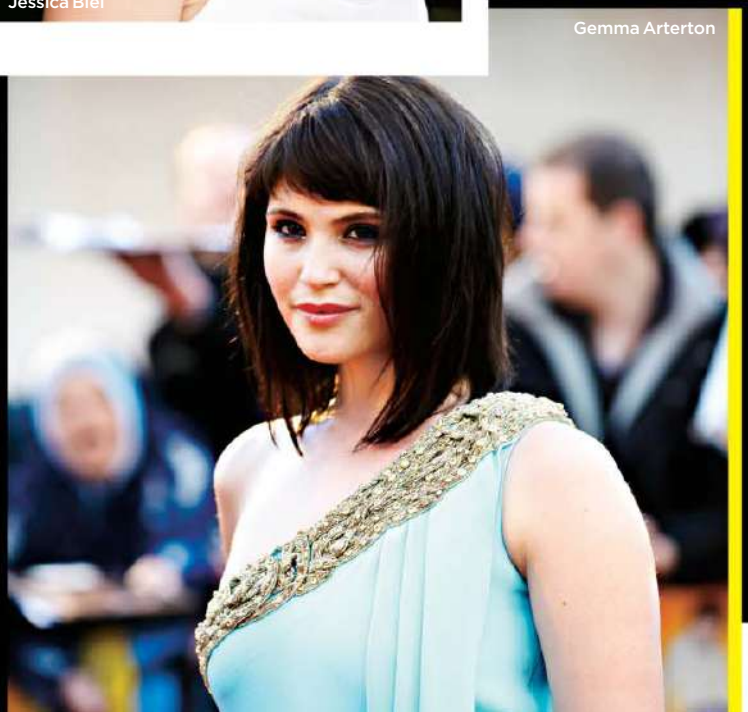
hopes to play a female equivalent of Jason Bourne. Here, she stars as an assassin with Katherine Heigl in her crosshairs. Thrill of the chase, indeed.
Hot History: With numerous threesomes to choose from in *Kiss Me Again,* it's hard to pick one standout scene. But we're still fantasizing about her character naked in the tub with Elena (Mirelly Taylor).
What's Next: A lead role in the thriller *Choose* and a part in the comedy *Love and Other Drugs*.

KALI HAWK (*GET HIM TO THE GREEK*)

This New York–raised comedian got our attention as the plucky castaway in the Vince Vaughn vehicle *Couples Retreat*. That movie kinda sucked, but *Greek* looks more promising—Jason Segel cowrote the script about his *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* foil, played by Russell Brand; Jonah Hill costars.
Hot History: Her scantily clad scenes in *Couples Retreat* saved the flick from being a total washout.
What's Next: *Answers to Nothing* with Dane Cook.

JAMIE CHUNG (*GROWN UPS*)

The Real World has "gifted" us with 23 seasons' worth of fame-seeking camera whores, but this alum has shifted into a decent acting career. She's had small roles on *ER*, *CSI: NY,* and *Castle,* and starred in *Samurai Girl* and last year's sexy horror flick *Sorority Row*. This buddy flick boasts some slightly more recognizable names—such as Adam Sandler, Chris Rock, and Steve Buscemi.
Hot History: Her Hooters girl in *I Now Pronounce You Chuck & Larry* was one of the few highlights.
What's Next: Kicking ass in the trippy action-thriller *Sucker Punch,* from Zack Snyder (*300, Watchmen*).



Gemma Arterton

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JULY

THE VETERANS: MONICA BELLUCCI (*THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE*), EMILY BLUNT (*THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU*), RACHEL McADAMS (*MORNING GLORY*)
We have a steamy Italian playing a sorceress in a blockbuster fantasy, a sexy Brit playing a ballerina in a sci-fi flick, and a cute Canuck playing a news producer in a romantic comedy—opposite Nicolas Cage, Matt Damon, and Harrison Ford, respectively. Seriously, how were we supposed to choose just *one* veteran vixen for this month? Screw the recent hike in ticket prices—just spring for a triple-header.

ALICE BRAGA (*PREDATORS*)
If her sexy Brazilian accent doesn't captivate you, her sexy Brazilian body will. She plays a killer who's sent to an alien planet to be hunted for sport. We don't expect her to survive, but at least it's likely that she'll look good trying.
Hot History: She played a prostitute in both *Blindness* and *Lower City*—and, fortunately, got completely naked.
What's Next: Another prostitute role in *Eleven Minutes*.

MIA WASIKOWSKA (*THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT*)
The relative newcomer captivated critics with her dramatic performance on the therapy-driven HBO show *In Treatment,* but Tim Burton introduced this former ballerina to the rest of the world as Alice in Wonderland. She'll test her comedic chops as the daughter of Julianne Moore and Annette Bening in this Sundance hit.
Hot History: We don't usually give props to implied nudity, but when Alice literally outgrows her clothes and hides in the buff behind some bushes, we let our imagination run wild.
What's Next: A period piece, unfortunately; her next big role will be Jane Eyre.

Rachel McAdams

Monica Bellucci

Teresa Palmer

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Mia Wasikowska

Alice Braga

Emily Blunt

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Stephanie Szostak

Zoe Lister Jones

Ellen Page

Blanca Soto

TERESA PALMER (*THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE*)
She's been in big-budget stinkers, such as *The Grudge 2* and *Bedtime Stories,* but this Aussie babe is better known for cherry-picking her costars—she's been linked to Russell Brand, Adam Brody, and Topher Grace. You'll be jealous of the gawky Jay Baruchel when another girl who's out of his league falls for him in this family-friendly flick.
Hot History: She showed off some impressive T&A in the 2008 thriller *Restraint*.
What's Next: Next summer's *Fury Road,* the fourth film in the *Mad Max* series. It's been 25 years in the making, so yeah, we're worried.

ELLEN PAGE (*INCEPTION*)
The pint-sized Canadian scared the crap out of us in *Hard Candy,* then won us over as the wisecracking pregnant teen in *Juno*. We expect to be impressed by her again in this sci-fi flick from *Dark Knight* writer/director Christopher Nolan, which takes place within the architecture of the mind.
Hot History: Her brief nude scene in *The Tracey Fragments* proved that she's definitely an adult.
What's Next: *The We and the I,* a sci-fi flick from Michel Gondry.

ZOE LISTER JONES (*SALT*)
Tear your eyes away from Angelina Jolie in this thriller to admire her alterna-sexy costar. This modern Renaissance woman has managed to release a record, write and star in a one-woman show, cowrite and star in the feature film *Breaking Upwards,* and knock out deadpan humor in Adult Swim's *Delocated*. And she's only 27.
Hot History: The semiautobiographical *Breaking Upwards* opens with her having sex. 'Nuff said.
What's Next: Playing a grad student who reunites with a high school friend–turned–soldier in *Stuck Between Stations*.

STEPHANIE SZOSTAK AND BLANCA SOTO (*DINNER FOR SCHMUCKS*)
French mademoiselle Szostak and former Mexican beauty queen Soto may not play the most endearing characters in this comedy, but they're easy on the eyes—and with Paul Rudd, Steve Carell, and Zach Galifianakis starring, you should still get plenty of laughs.
Hot History: Szostak made love to women *and* men in *How to Seduce Difficult Women* and *She Likes Girls,* though her sex was mostly under the covers. Soto showed a little skin in a sexy red getup as the divine Aphrodite in the Mexican film *Divina Confusión*.
What's Next: Nothing on tap yet, but we're hoping to see a lot more of both. And yes, we mean what you think we mean.

AUGUST

THE VETERAN: CHRISTINA RICCI (*BORN TO BE A STAR*)

This petite, tattooed beauty has tantalized us for years—even if her films haven't. We've suffered through such so-so fare as *Prozac Nation, Black Snake Moan,* and *After Life* for the chance to see her bare her amazing curves. We doubt she'll disappoint in this porn-themed comedy starring Stephen Dorff as a wannabe adult actor.

ANNA KENDRICK AND MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD (*SCOTT PILGRIM VS. THE WORLD*)

Winstead plays the title character's love interest in this comic-book adaptation in which Pilgrim has to fend off his would-be girlfriend's seven evil exes. Kendrick plays Pilgrim's sister, who we're assuming will be *slightly* less uptight than her character in *Up in the Air*.

Hot History: Neither of these babes has gotten naked yet on camera, but here's hoping. Winstead's plunging bikini in *Factory Girl* gave us an idea of what we're missing.

What's Next: For Kendrick, more *Twilight* shit and a Seth Rogan vehicle; Winstead will be running from *The Thing.*

CHARISMA CARPENTER (*THE EXPENDABLES*)

This one-time San Diego Charger cheerleader is best known as Buffy's frenemy Cordelia on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* and she's appeared in some of our guiltiest pleasures, such as *Veronica Mars, Charmed,* and *Greek.* We're looking forward to seeing her kick some ass (alongside a truly badass cast; see our preview in Flicks) in this action-packed blockbuster.

Hot History: We got a full butt shot in *Flirting With Danger,* and she had a bikini-clad entrance on *Veronica Mars* that almost measures up to the high standard set by Phoebe Cates in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*.

What's Next: The David Fincher–directed graphic-novel adaptation *The Killer*.

ZOË SALDANA (*TAKERS*)

She was an up-and-coming star in the early aughts, brightening the screen in roles large and small, but she really hit the big time as the feisty Nyota Uhura in last year's *Star Trek* and as Neytiri in *Avatar*. This is her third 2010 release, following *The Losers* and *Death at a Funeral*.

Hot History: Don't miss the scene in *Star Trek* when she strips down to her bra and miniskirt, a *Penthouse* movie-award winner.

What's Next: The dark comedy *Burning Palms,* then a *Star Trek* sequel.

KELLI BARRETT (*THE SWITCH*)

So far, she's only appeared in bit roles in a few feature films. Her part in this Jennifer Aniston/Jason Bateman comedy is also likely to be of the blink-and-you'll-miss-it variety, but we're hoping it will pave the way for bigger things. We could happily ogle her for 120 minutes.

Hot History: None yet.

What's Next: A comedy about a guy who's transformed into a girl and falls for his best friend.

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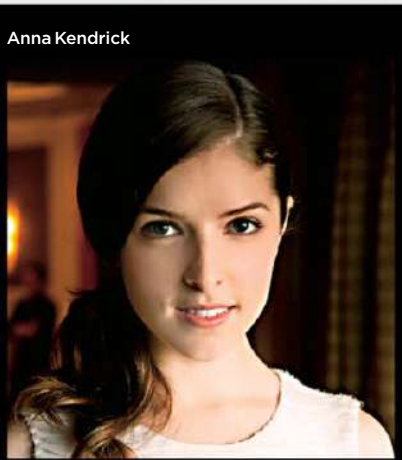
Zoë Saldana

Charisma Carpenter

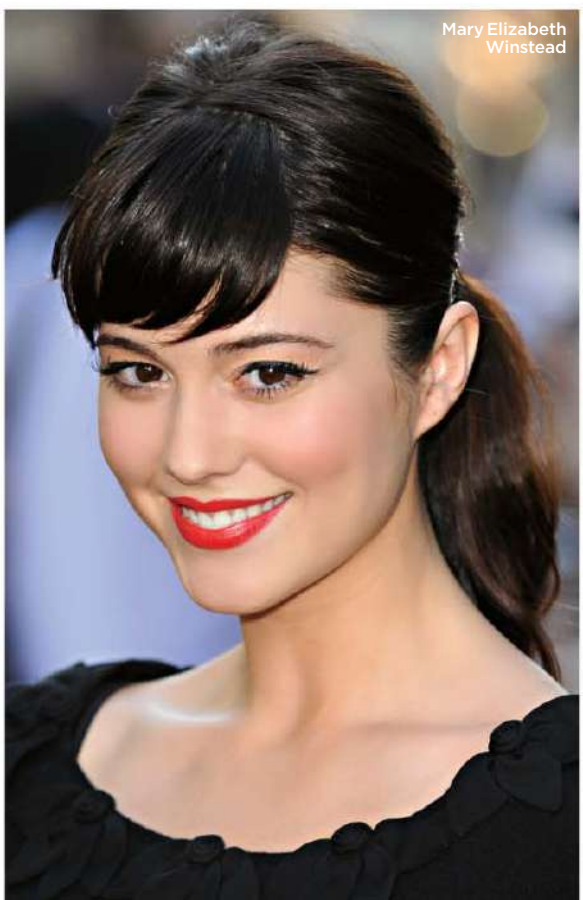

Anna Kendrick

Christina Ricci

Riley Steele

Violante Placido

Kelli Barrett



Mary Elizabeth Winstead

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (RICCI) WALTER MCBRIDE/RETNA LTD., (WINSTEAD) RUNE HELLESTAD/CORBIS, (STEELE) LARRY MARANO/RETNA LTD., (BARRETT) WALTER MCBRIDE/RETNA LTD., (PLACIDO) CAMILLA MORANDI/CORBIS

RILEY STEELE (*PIRANHA 3-D*)

This blue-eyed, buxom blonde has impressed us with her body (of work, of course) in the adult industry. We're interested to see what she'll bring to the table in this so-cheesy-looking-it's-sure-to-be-awesome horror film about killer fish.

Hot History: Her entire filmography, duh. The recent *Pirates II* is her biggest hit so far.

What's Next: As much as we want her to find cross-over success if she wants it, we're praying she doesn't ditch adult films altogether.

VIOLANTE PLACIDO (*THE AMERICAN*)

This actress and indie songstress has appeared mostly in Italian films, but she'll star as George Clooney's love interest in this intense thriller. The accent, that body, those eyes ... how can we not fall in lust?

Hot History: She's been nude in four of her Italian films, but we humbly suggest *Ora o Mai Più.* Who cares what it's about? You won't be able to take your eyes off her to read the subtitles anyway.

What's Next: Apparently nothing, but we expect that to change when this film comes out.

WTF, INDEED?

In both his podcast and his potential new show for Comedy Central, Marc Maron poses the central question of our age.

By John Bolster

The title of comedian Marc Maron's recently launched podcast, *WTF,* pretty much sums up not only Maron's worldview, but also his style of comedy, and, quite possibly, his core audience's take on why he isn't more famous among mainstream fans. Maron's bristly comedy may not be for everyone, but if you caught one of his 44 appearances on *Conan O'Brien* (more than any other comic), chances are you laughed and remember his face, if not his name. The predominant mood is anger, and the subjects range from politics to life's everyday moments of aggravation.

In September 2009, after stints as a talk-radio host on Air America and on L.A. station KTLK, Maron decided to go it alone, launching his no-holds-barred podcast, which he records in his garage. He's interviewed top comics, such as Jim Gaffigan, Zach Galifianakis, and Bill Burr, as well as such offbeat guests as porn star (and occasional *Penthouse* model) Dana DeArmond. The new venture found an audience almost instantly, and currently pulls in an average of 30 to 40 thousand listeners each episode. It was named the No. 3 podcast on iTunes' Best of 2009 "Rewind."

Maron talked to *Penthouse* recently about *WTF* (both the podcast and the pilot of the same name that he's developing for Comedy Central), porn, and some war stories from his early days in the comedy biz.

How does the pilot you're pitching to Comedy Central differ from your podcast? They both have the same name.

Yeah, I hope that doesn't become an issue. The theme of the pilot is what the fuck?, but it's more of a fast-moving, joke-driven show with some correspondence-type pieces and a panel of comics at the end. It's cohosted by comedian Chelsea Peretti. For the pilot I went out and did a correspondence piece.

What did you cover?

It was about Dumpster-diving with "freegans," to find out what's happening to all the food we throw away.

Ha—freegans. That's a new one to me, but I don't get out much. Though

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY SETH OLENICK

I can guess what it means.
Yeah, they're living off the garbage, and spreading their local food around. They were very interesting, and kind of cute—it was a couple. But I did end up getting a face full of garbage juice in the Dumpster, which was *heinous*.

What happened?
It was disgusting, dude. I stepped the wrong way, and because it had been raining there was, like, three or four inches of Dumpster juice at the bottom, and I stepped in and the juice splashed up, into my eyes and face, and it was *disgusting*. I asked the freegans, "Has that ever happened to you?" Because it got in my eyes, so I'm thinking now I've got worms, or something. They said no, it'd never happened to them.

In your podcast, you interview a lot of comics, some of whom rose through the ranks with you. What's your best story from the struggling, early days of your career?
I was working at a chichi coffee place in Harvard Square when I started doing [comedy] road work. At the time, there were a few different agencies that contracted out comedy nights at bars and hotels within the entire New England region—like five or six states. So you would sometimes drive hundreds of miles to open for another act. One time I drove nine and a half hours to Machias, Maine, the furthest point east in Maine. And I was opening for an R-rated hypnotist named Frank Santos. That's a lot of fucking miles to reflect on your career decision.

Speaking of adult ratings, you also spoke to porn star and *Penthouse* model Dana DeArmond. What surprised you most about her?
I was surprised that she came to my house without a handler, or a boyfriend to watch her back. She drove up in a Prius. She didn't dress filthy; she dressed sort of alt-cute. I also think it was interesting how she separated the idea of sex and the idea that, you know, *this is what I do, this is my job, and it's a difficult job, and I'm good at it. And it takes a lot to do what I do. And I also have a life*. She was definitely on her game. She knows what she's up to.

You have ambivalent feelings about porn, and were introduced to it in a pretty dramatic fashion. Can you tell us about that?
There was this nasty porno theater on Route 66 in Albuquerque called the Pyramid Theater. My friends and I got in with fake IDs when we were 15. We went in and there were people up front, arched back in their chairs, you know, mostly guys—it was just nasty. But the porno—I had seen pictures of sex before, and cartoons, but this was my first real motion-picture representation of sex, so it just burned its way into my brain: Some guy ends up in a hotel room with a girl. They start fucking on the bed, and she's got this huge tattoo of Satan's head on her stomach—and the mouth and beard is her pussy. As he's fucking her, she keeps saying, "Fuck me! Fuck the devil! Fuck me! Fuck the devil!" You know, in retrospect, I probably could have started with something a little lighter than that.

sitting pretty

Eva Angelina took a break from the adult-entertainment industry a couple of years ago, to the dismay of her fans. But her comeback climb to the top hit a peak earlier this year when she won an AVN Award for Best All-Girl Group Sex Scene, which she shared with Pets Teagan Presley and Sunny Leone. Now, she's thrilled to join their ranks as a Pet of the Month.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi

"I love being back to work, and I'm keeping myself really busy until my fiancé is back from Iraq for good. My message to all the troops is: Keep your heads up and get your fucking asses home real soon."

"I was very into being sexually adventurous as a teen. I loved filming myself, and exploring my sexuality. Of course I ended up going into porn!"

"Even before I worked in adult entertainment, I had filmed myself with more than one man, and with more than one guy at a time."

THE BIG RIP

EVA ANGELINA
JUNE 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

01 EVA ANGELINA
JUNE 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

EVA ANGELINA
JUNE 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
25 years old
5'3"; 36D-26-34

Hometown:
Orange County, California.

What do you do for a living?
I'm a porn star, but I do more than films. I do a lot of live web shows, I have a sex toy modeled after me, I do feature dancing sometimes, and I run my websites. Being an adult star these days involves a lot more than shooting sex scenes.

Favorite food:
I can't name just one thing, but I love a good strip steak from time to time.

Favorite drink:
Let's just say I try to be careful when I'm drinking shots. Those can get you in trouble real fast.

What else gets you into trouble?
I set a budget for myself as soon as I see a blackjack table. I've been known to sneak out of my room to hit the table in the middle of the night.

Favorite vacation spot:
I love Las Vegas. Once, when I was staying at the Hard Rock, I got a little tipsy. I left my clothes in the cabana at the pool. I walked through the hotel in my barely there bikini, tits hanging out, in cute gold heels. But in Vegas, that fits right in.

Your dream vacation:
I wish I could go over to Iraq to visit the troops, but I don't think the military flies out porn stars to meet with the soldiers.

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"I've tested my sexual boundaries throughout my career, and I love that my work in porn helps other people expand the boundaries of their own sex lives."

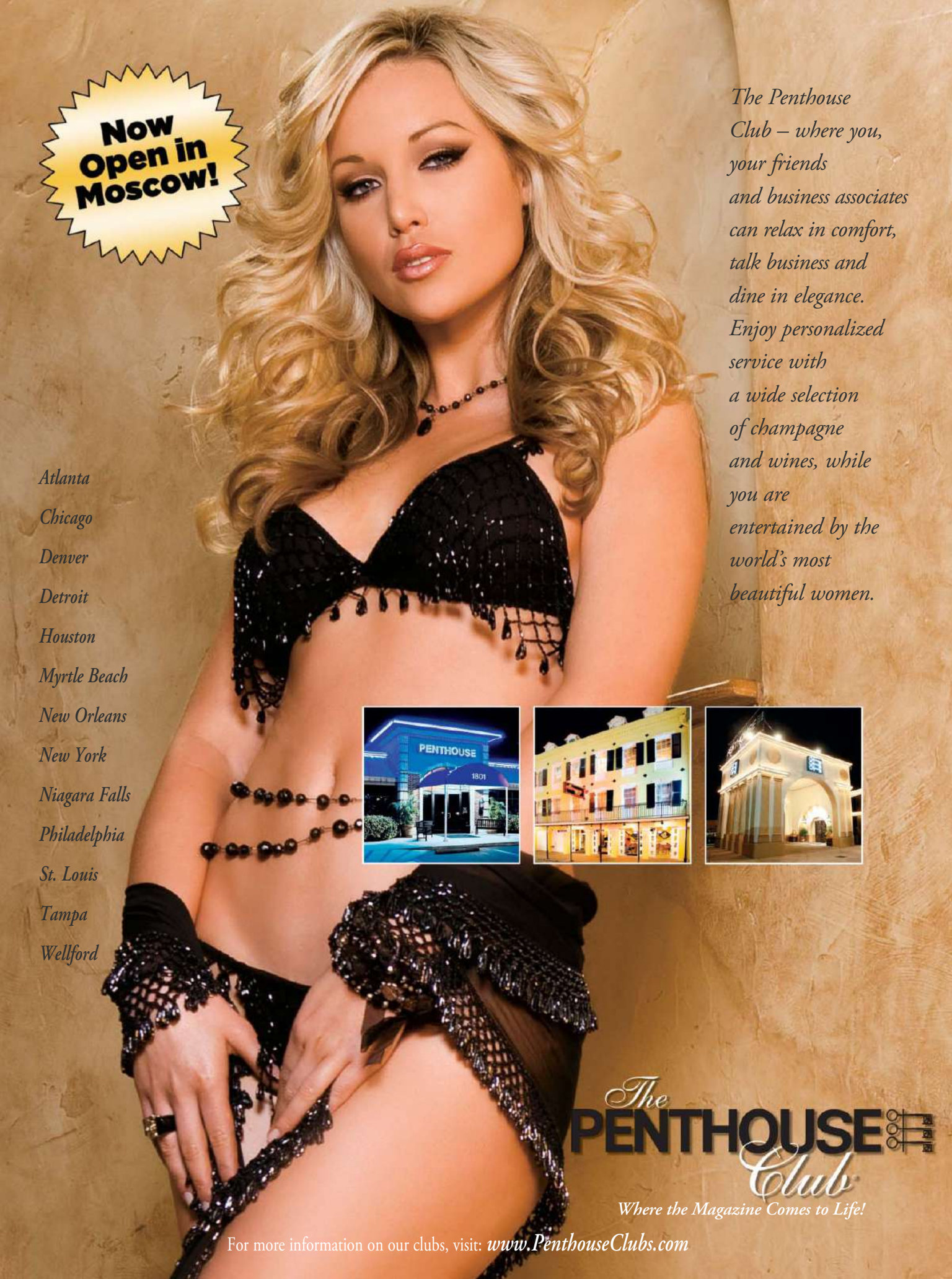
July/August 2010

PENTHOUSE

Pets of the Month

Jordyn Hill & Lela Star

On newsstands
June 29th, 2010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AFRICAN ADVENTURE

South Africa will make history this June as the first nation on its continent to host the world's biggest sporting event.

By John Bolster

There have been 18 World Cups to date, almost all staged in either Europe or South and Central America. Any time the tournament has been set in a nontraditional location, such as the United States in 1994 or Japan and South Korea in 2002, the results have gone a little bit haywire. Nothing too crazy—perennial favorite Brazil won both of those tournaments—but in '94 the United States stunned pretourney favorite Colombia in group play, and in 2002, relative minnows Turkey and South Korea both went all the way to the semifinals.

When the tournament goes to South Africa in June, you can expect more of the unexpected. And maybe not just on the field: There have been concerns about staging glitches and security issues. One thing is certain: It will be an eventful four weeks.

Kick back and check out the skinny on all 32 teams—along with a look at players to watch, the reason for that hornet-swarm sound you'll hear during TV broadcasts, a spotlight on the best first-round matchups—and, of course, our parallel Tournament of International Hotties representing 16 teams in the Cup.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BACKGROUND) THOMAS NORTHCUT/GETTY; (FIFA WORLD CUP BALL) MATTHEW ASHTON/AMA/CORBIS

GROUP A

- FRANCE
- MEXICO
- URUGUAY
- SOUTH AFRICA

France qualified for the tournament in highly dubious fashion: after a double-handball by forward **Thierry Henry** (Barcelona) set up the winning goal against Ireland in their do-or-die playoff in Paris last November. Their reward? This relatively easy group, out of which they should advance, with stars Henry, **Nicolas Anelka** (Chelsea), and **Franck Ribery** (Bayern Munich) leading the way. Look for **Mexico** and its talented crop of young players, including Giovani dos Santos (Galatasaray, Turkey), **Carlos Vela** (Arsenal), and **Javier "Chicharito" Hernández** (signed by Manchester United just before we went to press) to finish second. **Uruguay** only made it to South Africa by edging Costa Rica in a playoff, but they have an experienced, pedigreed team, and two dangerous strikers in **Diego Forlan** (Atletico Madrid) and **Luis Suarez** (Ajax, Netherlands). They'll challenge Mexico for advancement out of this group. The host country has gone on to the second round of every World Cup to date, and **South Africa** will do everything in its power to keep that streak alive. But they'll need striker **Benni McCarthy** (West Ham)—who was bouncing back from a knee injury when we went to press—and midfielder **Steven Pienaar** (Everton) to be firing on all cylinders to have a chance.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

France: Marion Cotillard. She's quintessentially French—she played Edith Piaf in *La Vie en Rose*—and we like her offbeat beauty.

Mexico: Aleida Nunez. Habanero hot.

GROUP B

- ARGENTINA
- NIGERIA
- GREECE
- SOUTH KOREA

Argentina has the world's best player, **Lionel Messi**—and a supporting cast of superstars. Messi was in white-hot form for his club, Barcelona, this past spring, and if he keeps it up in South Africa, he could carry his team to World Cup glory. We're picking **Nigeria** to finish second in this difficult group because of the home-continent factor, their collective speed and power, and the notion that they'll build on the momentum of their third-place finish at the Africa Cup of Nations this past January. **Greece** shocked the world by winning the 2004 European Championship, but has done very little on the international stage since. They play a defensive (read: boring) style that relies on counterattacks for goals. But these tactics are well suited to this group. They may make for some 0–0 and 1–0 snoozers, but they might also get the Greeks to the next round. Manchester United midfielder Ji-Sung Park is the star and leader of **South Korea,** but after him the ranks are thin. South Korea lacks a genuine goal-scoring threat, and they'll need one to break down defensive-minded Greece in their opener on June 12. We don't see it happening—or Korea surviving longer than three games.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

Nigeria: Sandra Otohwo. She is like the apple juice: very fine.

Greece: Sofia Georgiou. Greece may not advance in the soccer, but in the Tournament of Hotties, Ms. Georgiou could win it all.

GROUP C

- ENGLAND
- UNITED STATES
- ALGERIA
- SLOVENIA

After the World Cup draw in December, British tabloids called this the "best group since the Beatles" for **England.** The Three Lions should advance with relative ease—*however,* the team has had more than its share of off-field controversy in 2010, most notably the John Terry–**Wayne Bridge** scandal. (Terry, who's married, had an affair with Bridge's ex-girlfriend, who reportedly got knocked up and had an abortion at Terry's expense. Terry was stripped of his captaincy in the aftermath of the revelations, and Bridge withdrew himself from consideration for South Africa 2010.) These issues could distract England—but don't bet on it, not with the potent **Wayne Rooney** (Manchester United) on the team.

There was nearly as much rejoicing in the **United States** camp as in England's when this group was announced. Yet the Americans cannot take anything for granted, and they will have to adjust to *not* being the underdog, something new for them. The team struggled with injuries all winter, but if top players **Landon Donovan, Clint Dempsey, Jozy**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (GIOVANNI DOS SANTOS) WADE JACKSON/YC-J/ICON SMI, (JISUNG PARK) HAN MYUNG-GU/GETTY IMAGES, (SANDRA OTOHWO, DRAGANA ATLIJA) HO/REUTERS/CORBIS, (ALIEDA NUNEZ) VICTOR CHAVEZ/WIREIMAGE

Altidore, Oguchi Onyewu, and **Tim Howard** are in form, they should get out of the group. **Algeria** reached the semis of the Africa Cup of Nations, and they have two solid defenders in Glasgow Rangers centerback **Madjid Bougherra** and Portsmouth left back **Nadir Belhadj.** They also like their chances of advancing. **Slovenia** got to its first World Cup ever (the nation broke away from Yugoslavia in 1991) with defense: In ten qualifiers, Slovenia conceded just four goals. They will be tough to break down.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

England: Keeley Hazell. Good God-a-mighty.
United States: **Christina Hendricks.** Look at her with all those curves and us with no brakes.

GROUP D

- GERMANY
- SERBIA
- AUSTRALIA
- GHANA

A wise man once said, "Soccer is a simple game; 22 men chase a ball for 90 minutes and at the end, the Germans win." Since 1966, **Germany** has won the World Cup twice, played in four finals, and finished third on two occasions. The wise man was right. Even though all three of their Group D opponents will be competitive, we expect Germany, with talents such as captain **Michael Ballack** (Chelsea) and winger **Bastian Schweinsteiger** (Bayern Munich), to do what it always does.

In March, England superstar Rooney was asked about **Serbia**'s team and said, "Serbia? Who plays for them?" —even though his Manchester United teammate, **Nemanja Vidic,** is the leader of the Serbian backline. Rooney was kidding, and he knows Serbia is no joke: They lost just once in nine games before qualifying, and in addition to their badass defense (featuring Borussia Dortmund's **Neven Subotic,** who played for the United States at the U-17 level), they'll line up Inter Milan midfielder **Dejan Stankovic** and the imposing six-foot-seven **Nikola Zigic** (Valencia) at striker. **Australia** boasts Everton star Tim Cahill, Galatasaray's **Harry Kewell,** Palermo's **Mark Bresciano,** and an excellent keeper in Fulham's **Mark Schwarzer; Ghana** can throw out one of the world's best midfields, including Chelsea's **Michael Essien** (if healthy), Inter Milan's **Sulley Muntari,** and **Stephen Appiah** of Bologna. This may not be the Group of Death, but it is no cakewalk.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

Germany: **Nadja Auermann.** Her legs should be in *Guinness World Records*. Oh, wait—they are.
Serbia: Dragana Atlija. She somehow failed to place in the Top 15 of the 2009 Miss Universe pageant. We want an investigation.

FIVE PLAYERS TO WATCH

WAYNE ROONEY
England

He had a sensational season with Manchester United this year, leading the Premier League in scoring as we went to press, and fulfilling the vast potential he's shown ever since his debut with Everton as a 16-year-old in 2002. So what if he looks like Shrek?

LANDON DONOVAN
United States

After three previous unsuccessful stints in Europe, Donovan finally broke through across the pond this past winter, excelling for Everton of the Premier League during a ten-week loan deal. If the U.S. does some damage this summer, he's sure to be at the center of it.

LIONEL MESSI
Argentina

During one torrid stretch this season with Barcelona, Messi scored three goals in one game, two and an assist in the next, and then three in the game after that. He's already in soccer's pantheon with the likes of Pelé and Maradona.

ANDRÉS INIESTA
Spain

Rooney called Iniesta "the best player in the world at the moment" after the Spaniard's Barcelona blanked Manchester United in the 2009 Champions League final. If you're looking for a genius at the subtleties of midfield play, here's your guy.

CRISTIANO RONALDO
Portugal

He missed more than a month of Real Madrid's season this year with an ankle injury, but Ronaldo was rounding in to form down the stretch, even as Messi and Rooney were getting the global headlines. That could motivate the 2008 World Player of the Year to reclaim the spotlight in South Africa.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TIM CAHILL) LUCAS DAWSON/GETTY IMAGES, (WAYNE ROONEY) THE FA VIA GETTY IMAGES, (LANDON DONOVAN) ANDY MEAD/YCJ/ICONSMI, (LIONEL MESSI) RONALD WITTEK/EPA/CORBIS, (ANDRES INIESTA) MANUEL QUEIMADELOS ALONSO/GETTY IMAGES, (CRISTIANO RONALDO) BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

GROUP E

- NETHERLANDS
- DENMARK
- CAMEROON
- JAPAN

The Netherlands went 8-0 in qualifying with 17 goals for and two against. Clockwork Orange was in full effect. They have Wesley Sneijder (Inter Milan) running the show in midfield and **Arjen Robben** (Bayern Munich) terrorizing opponents on the wing. If **Robin van Persie** (Arsenal) gets healthy, they're capable of a deep, deep run into the tourney. Few would have pegged **Denmark** to get out of their qualifying group, with Sweden and Portugal standing in their way, but advance the Danes did, with one game to spare. They're an organized team, with potent attackers in **Nicklas Bendtner** (Arsenal), **Jon Dahl Tomasson** (Feyenoord, Holland), and **Soren Larsen** (five goals in seven appearances for Duisburg in Germany's second division as of press time). **Cameroon** striker **Samuel Eto'o** (Inter Milan) is as dangerous as they come, but after him and Arsenal midfielder **Alex Song,** the Indomitable Lions (Best nickname ever? Best nickname ever.) thin out considerably. **Japan** plays with an attractive up-tempo style, but with a largely domestic-based squad this time around, they probably don't have the horses to survive this group. Former Glasgow Celtic star **Shunsuke Nakamura** is their leader, and 23-year-old **Shinji Okazaki** (Shimizu S-Pulse, Japan), who has 16 goals in 24 games for Japan, is on the rise.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

Netherlands: Yolanthe Cabau van Kasbergen. She's been linked with Sneijder, and she's as saucy as her name is long.
Denmark: Caroline Fleming. She's a baroness, and she's been linked to Bendtner. Sorry, fellas.

GROUP F

- ITALY
- PARAGUAY
- SLOVAKIA
- NEW ZEALAND

If Group G (coming up) is this tournament's Group of Death, this one is the Group of Life, at least for **Italy:** The Azzurri should breeze right through it, even if they are notorious for slow starts in international tournaments. **Andrea Pirlo** (AC Milan) will pull the strings in midfield in front of bulldog ball-winner **Gennaro Gattuso** (AC Milan) while **Fabio Cannavaro** (Juventus) holds down the backline. Up top, Italy could send out New Jersey–born striker **Giuseppe Rossi** (Villarreal). Whoever makes the final cut will see plenty of goal-scoring chances in this group.

Paraguay opens against the defending champs, Italy, but after that game they should be able to secure the points necessary to advance. Strikers **Nelson Valdez** (Borussia Dortmund) and Roque Santa Cruz (Manchester City) are the big guns. Tattooed, shaven-headed **Martin Skrtel** (Liverpool) anchors **Slovakia**'s defense, while midfielder **Marek Hamsik**—who lit it up for Napoli this season—sparks the offense. We wouldn't be shocked if the Slovaks edged Paraguay for second place here.

It is something of a cliché at this point to say that there are no easy games in modern world soccer, but it's true. Except for **New Zealand**'s opponents in this group. Sorry to our Kiwi readers, but beyond central defender and Major League Soccer alum **Ryan Nelsen** (Blackburn), your team is devoid of top-class players. That game against Italy? It could get ugly.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

Italy: Federica Ridolfi. She beat out a crowded field of smoking hot Italian wives and girlfriends.
Paraguay: Mareike Baumgarten Oroa. Long and lean and on the cover of (many) a magazine.

GROUP G

- BRAZIL
- PORTUGAL
- IVORY COAST
- NORTH KOREA

Conventional wisdom holds that this is the tourney's Group of Death. It's certainly a difficult group, but after seeing Ivory Coast's defense fall apart late against Algeria in the Africa Cup of Nations this past January, we're having second thoughts. It also contains North Korea, whereas Group D has no weak sisters. At any rate, **Brazil** will advance. They remain the planet's best team, with **Lucio** (Inter Milan) and **Dani Alves** (Barcelona) in defense, Real Madrid superstar **Kaka** in midfield, and a number of devastating attacking options

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT BUZZING SOUND?

Watch any World Cup game this summer (with the sound on, that is) and your ears will be assaulted by a persistent droning noise. It sounds like millions of angry—and slightly drunk—hornets trying to swarm, but it's actually the sound of thousands of *vuvuzelas,* yard-long plastic horns, being blown in arrhythmic fashion by masses of South African soccer fans.

The origin of both the name and the device itself are in dispute, but one thing is certain: They became popular at South African games in the 1990s and have firmly taken root in that country's soccer culture. So much so that when a ban on them was called for during last summer's Confederations Cup in South Africa—on the grounds that they were irritating and distracting to players on the field—the motion was put down by the South African Football Association, which argued that the *vuvuzela* was a critical component of a genuine South African soccer experience.

Get used to them or watch the games on mute.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WESLEY SNEIJDER) ANDRES KUDACKI/CORBIS, (ROQUE SANTA CRUZ) JEAN MARIE HERVIO/DPPI/ICON SMI, (MAREIKA BAUMGARTEN OROA) HO/REUTERS/CORBIS, (CINTIA DICKER) FERNANDA CALFAT/GETTY IMAGES

(we're partial to Sevilla's **Luis Fabiano**). **Portugal** cried and moaned about this draw, but with its talent—including defender **Pepe** (Real Madrid), winger **Nani,** who had an excellent year with Manchester United, and **Cristiano Ronaldo,** the 2008 FIFA World Player of the Year—they should be able to survive it. **Ivory Coast** was in the Group of Death in 2006, and got it again for 2010. Still, with the lethal Didier Drogba, his talented Chelsea teammate **Salomon Kalou,** and Sevilla midfielder **Didier Zokora,** they will contend. The last time **North Korea** qualified for a World Cup was 1966, when it sprung one of the biggest upsets in tournament history, shocking Italy 1–0 to advance to the quarterfinals. There will be no repeats this year as North Korea gets a World Cup rebaptism by fire, facing Brazil in its opening game. Three and out.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

Brazil: Cintia Dicker. As is the case with Brazil's soccer team, there is an astounding wealth of options here. We went with the red-haired, freckle-faced beauty, just to mix it up.
Portugal: Monica Carvalho. Hey, wanna pass a very pleasant 15 minutes? Google "Portuguese beauties."

GROUP H

SPAIN
HONDURAS
CHILE
SWITZERLAND

The reigning European champions, **Spain,** are a pretournament favorite, and they have quality from front to back, starting with Liverpool forward **Fernando Torres** and his strike partner **David Villa** (Valencia), who has an astounding 37 goals in 55 games for his country. Their midfield sparkles like the main case at Harry Winston's: **Xavi, Andres Iniesta** (both Barcelona), **Xabi Alonso** (Real Madrid), and Arsenal superstar **Cesc Fabregas**—if he gets the start over Valencia's **David Silva**. They should walk right through this group. And now for our sleeper call of the tournament: **Honduras** has multiple players on the books at European clubs, yet will be cast as a decided underdog in South Africa—which should work in their favor. **Amado Guevara** (Motagua, Honduras) is a crafty midfielder, **Wilson Palacios** just signed a fat five-year deal with Champions League contenders Tottenham, and **David Suazo** (Genoa) is a deadly goal-scorer when healthy. They're taking second in this group. Of course, **Chile,** with 21-year-old Udinese forward **Alexis Sanchez** and Real Zaragoza striker **Humberto Suazo,** will have something to say about that. **Switzerland** could go three and out, or could advance to the quarterfinals. They have experienced forwards in Alexander Frei (FC Basel) and **Hakan Yakin** (FC Lucerne), and they won their qualifying group, but they've been inconsistent. Frankly we'd rather stay out of it, much like the Swiss in international disputes, but we're calling fourth place for them.

World Cup of Hotties entrants

Spain: Eva Gonzalez. She's married to Spain keeper Iker Casillas, and he's a very lucky man.
Honduras: Karla Molina. Va. Va. Voom.

FIVE INTRIGUING FIRST-ROUND MATCHUPS

All games will be on ESPN or ABC, live and in high-definition.

SOUTH AFRICA VS. MEXICO
June 11

The World Cup opener is always a big occasion, and this will be no exception. The hosts will try to get off on the right foot against a tough Mexican team. Bonus: ESPN will broadcast it in 3-D.

ENGLAND VS. UNITED STATES
June 12

Mark your calendars, clear your schedules—this is the big one for both teams. The U.S. may be underestimated by fans across the pond, but not by the players in England, where Yanks Tim Howard, Clint Dempsey, and Landon Donovan excelled this past season.

ARGENTINA VS. NIGERIA
June 12

These teams have met several times in international competition (including the 1996 and 2008 Olympic gold-medal games), and they always present an entertaining contrast of styles.

IVORY COAST VS. PORTUGAL
June 15

A critical first-round matchup in the Group of Death, Group G. A win for either side would be huge, but a draw seems likely.

GERMANY VS. SERBIA
June 18

There isn't a more hard-nosed matchup on the schedule than this meeting of rugged Serbia and World Cup giant Germany.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (DIDIER DROGBA) EPA/CORBIS, (ALEXANDER FREI) MAURIZIO GAMBARINI/EPA/CORBIS, (EVA GONZALEZ) CARLOS ALVAREZ/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT PAGE SIDEBAR, LEFT TO RIGHT) HARRY HOW/GETTY IMAGES, CATHERINE IVILL/AMA/CORBIS, PEDRO UGARTE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, SHAUN BOTTERILL/GETTY IMAGES, ROLF KOSECKI/CORBIS

let's mess with texas

Alexis Texas has made her 34C-28-40 mark in the adult-entertainment industry, and the 25-year-old loves the variety the business brings to her life. She also enjoys romantic dinner dates, comedy shows, singing along to *American Idol* on her Wii, and vacationing in Amsterdam. We'll happily tolerate the *Idol* singing if that's what it takes to hang out with the blonde beauty.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

"I love being naked. I feel more comfortable nude than I do with clothes on! I don't have to get in the mood for a photo shoot because I get to just be me."

"I'm pretty adventurous, and I even joined the Mile-High Club, but I would never have random sex with a stranger. At heart, I'm a Southern belle."

"If I could relive any time in my life, I'd go with high school, when nothing mattered as much as having fun. I wasn't a wild girl, but I found my fair share of trouble."

"One of my goals when I got into the business was to have everyone saying my name. I think I've made a good start, with my big, round, beautiful butt."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF ALEXIS AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Justine and Jade posed for photos in the clamshell Justine is in when she makes her entrance in *Caligula Maximus*.

Caligula Redux

When a Penthouse Pet joins forces with one of New York City's most exclusive nightclubs and a founding member of the Classical Theatre of Harlem for an off-Broadway show, the results are sinful and sexy.

We know *Penthouse* fans are familiar with the story of the infamous Roman emperor Caligula, as the VHS, DVD, and Blu-ray releases of Bob Guccione's equally infamous 1979 film have been best-sellers for decades. Recently, a New York City venue hosted performances of *Caligula Maximus,* a new tale of the emperor with songs, dancing, and enough naked ladies to populate a sorority house ... or a Roman bath.

Randy Weiner, cowriter and coproducer of the musical/bacchanalia, says, "It was more of an erotic circus. We wanted to really blow it up and take the world of [my nightclub] the Box, which is sort of wild, erotic, and very *le freak,* and put it into *Caligula*."

Justine Joli, our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, starred as Caesonia, Caligula's third wife (played by Oscar winner Helen Mirren in the 1979 film). This was Justine's first foray on the stage, and at first she was intimidated by the intimacy of the small theater. "It wasn't until my costar JerZ [Short] said, 'Just play the dumb model,' that it clicked for me," she says. "Once that happened, I learned to play with the role a little more and really got into character." Naturally, Justine had no problem getting comfortable with the idea of being almost naked for nearly the entire show, alongside a dozen other scantily clad or nude actresses.

The play focuses on the emperor's last days in power, with Caligula facing his followers' growing discontentment while pondering the creation of his own religion to combat the rise of new monotheistic faiths. The members of Caligula's tribe participate in the emperor's "revival meeting," which boasts feats of strength and orgiastic rituals, to say nothing of nekkid Hula-hooping and roller-skating.

"There were so many great things in the show," Justine says. "A 12-foot golden cock, an aerialist whose feet never touch the ground.... If someone didn't want to focus on Caligula, there were naked ladies doing different things all over the stage. There was always something going on."

"It wasn't a Shakespeare play, it was an event," agreed Short, who played Caligula's right-hand man. "It was high-end guerrilla theater. We sang vulgar songs, we had naked people—it was new territory."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*CALIGULA MAXIMUS*) LIA CHANG

No Pet project would be complete without the support of fellow *Penthouse* sex bombs. Our 2007 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Krista Ayne, and *Penthouse* model Anju McIntyre (October 2009) were on hand on opening night to support Justine. The show was not without its surprises: Krista, who was completely unaware that there would be audience participation, was brought onstage for a scene; the surprised and shy actress was a good sport. "It's not exactly my style to be onstage like that, especially with no warning, but it's Justine!" Krista tells us. "You love her and you'll do anything for her."

The exotic Anju was thrilled to meet *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*'s Melvin Van Peebles at the afterparty, and immediately asked the legendary blaxploitation film director to pose for a photo with her. Later that night, Justine and the girls went to the Fat Hippo on the Lower East Side for a celebratory dinner and drinks.

Justine was thrilled to have friends and fans come to the show, but says the highlight for her was something much more personal: "Having one of my costars, a real theater student who has studied the craft for more than ten years, give me a 'huzzah' and tell me that I did really well was a huge deal."

As the show's run continued, other *Penthouse* alums checked it out, including Victoria "Dr. Z" Zdrok, photographer Ellen Stagg, October 2009 Pet of the Month Ryan Keely, 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen, and fetish model Jade Vixen, who was featured in our March 2010 issue. Jade tells us, "To be able to support Justine's dreams makes me so happy, and not only that, she's an incredible actress. She played Caligula's trophy wife to a sexy tee." Also mega-sexy were the photos Jade and Justine took after the show. The nude models are not only friends, but they had worked together before, and the chemistry between them always shows.

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser

Pro-Am Sex Scenes

Putting fame-seekers on TV and letting them compete for their dream gig is the go-to reality-TV gimmick, be it singers, dancers, designers, chefs, or hairdressers. But none of them measure up to *Sex With the Stars*.

This new Pay-Per-View show, a hard-core-porn twist on *Dancing With the Stars,* is being hosted and judged by June 2009 Pet of the Month Kagney Linn Karter (above) and adult-industry veteran Ed Powers. Nine very lucky amateur performers will work with nine sexy starlets—among them powerhouse Pets Tori Black, Shawna Leneé, Rebeca Linares, and Nikki Benz. Each pair will perform before the judges, with two to three scenes per episode.

Several of the amateurs made their on-camera debut on the show. Kagney says, "It was interesting to see the wannabe porn stars come in and to see how nervous they were and how they acted around the big stars, especially the guys. But they did really well."

Between scenes you can listen to the judges' commentary, watch interviews with the performers, and catch some silly yet sexy Q&A sessions with the stars.

The show premiered in February, with a party at New York's HeadQuarters gentlemen's club hosted by rocker/porn actor Evan Seinfeld. "A lot of people came out that night to support the show and the cast," says Kagney, who made a special appearance. "It was a lot of fun to meet everyone, especially the fans."

You can find *Sex With the Stars* on Pay-Per-View through the end of 2010, with new episodes premiering every 12 weeks.

Too Close for Comfort

Artie Lange made a career of transforming his personal demons into comedy, but can he do the same with his January 2010 suicide attempt? Our extraordinary interview with the Howard Stern sidekick suggests there's hope.

By Jessica Pilot
Photographs by Matthew Salacuse

Artie Lange has worn several hats during his 17-year career—stand-up comic, actor, author—but he made his biggest mark as radio pioneer Howard Stern's debauched and foul-mouthed sidekick and, on occasion, whipping boy. On Stern's show, Lange frequently rambled about his various vices and demons: prostitutes, gambling, heroin, cocaine, punishingly low self-esteem, and his struggle to stay sober. Sometimes his fellow Stern-menagerie members decided to eat their own kind, making Lange the target of pitiless insults and commentary, especially on mornings when, say, he fell asleep at the microphone on the heels of whatever he did the night before.

Part of the fun of listening to it all was that it revitalized the tired comedy cliché—it's funny because it's true. Artie's tales of debauchery *were* true, listeners knew, and all the more funny—and, let's face it, titillating—for it.

But the comedy came grinding to a terrifying and grisly halt on the night of January 2, 2010, when Lange's mother entered her son's Hoboken, New Jersey, condo carrying a bag of groceries, including Lange's favorite dish—chicken Parmesan—and found Lange on the kitchen floor bleeding from multiple stab wounds to his abdomen. He was rushed to the Jersey City Medical Center, where doctors found nine wounds to the comic's torso—all of them self-inflicted with a 13-inch kitchen knife.

Lange's doctors cleaned up the wounds and operated, and he was released ten days later, but he kept a low profile after the incident. Although Sirius XM Radio, which hosts the Stern show, says he is welcome back to the program any time, it's hard to predict how Lange will handle his comeback. He has always succeeded in turning his self-destructive low points into comedic bits, but this one, obviously, belongs in a different category.

We visited with Lange months before his suicide attempt, when things were looking up for him. He had been clean for a while, and appeared to have a healthy perspective on—if not total mastery over—the various pitfalls of his multiple addictions.

He told us that he'd kicked heroin and had been clean for months, though he'd gotten hooked on a drug called Subutex to keep him off the junk. He had just finished shooting a pilot for an Artie Lange reality show on A&E, and was working on a sequel to his best-selling book, *Too Fat to Fish*.

We spent a whirlwind week with him, visiting his Hoboken condo, riding with him and his entourage to a stand-up gig in Niagara Falls, and cruising down to the Jersey shore. It was not a visit we'd have soon forgotten, in any case, but after his suicide attempt, some of his comments took on an astounding resonance. He discussed, in sober terms, the gloomy fates of fellow "fat-man" comedians John Belushi and Chris Farley. He talked about avoiding the triggers for his addictions, previous rumors of his death, and, incredibly, his concern that a reality show based on his life might be "boring."

"Welcome to my gindaloon-fuck-you house!" Lange announced by way of greeting when we entered the beach condo. "It's the guinea dream! I feel like Rodney Dangerfield saying that. I bought it in 2007—it took two years too long, but my mother is proud, and I am happy. Fuck you, I didn't go to college, and look at this place."

Lange delivered his wisecracks while giving us the grand tour of the seven-bedroom, six-bath bachelor pad. The house also contains a media room and an elevator he installed for his mother. It is spotless, mostly white, with carefully color-coordinated accessories—from the white leather couches to the frilly cloth napkins to matching towels in every bathroom.

This place looks like a Martha Stewart catalog.
It's known as the man-cave, but my mom did the whole place; it kind of looks like a gay guy's place, it's so neat. All I asked is that she keep it under $5 million—God, I sound like an asshole!

Well, there's nothing "manly" about it. Your mom may have gone overboard.
No! There are kegs on the deck, a boat pier with four boat lifts and room for Jet Skis, and a heated pool. Come see the bedroom that she did for me—even though you'll probably get the sense that my mother is too involved in my life. The remote-control blinds up there cost me $18,000. I guess they're worth it.

Do you feel like you've made it at this point in your career?
I never feel that way. In the beginning all I wanted was to make $70k working on the docks [Lange was a longshoreman before entering show business]. The truth is, if I retired I would be fine, but I wouldn't have much to do. I always want more. I can't help it; it's like a drug.

So money is another one of your vices?
It's true. "One day at a time" is what I have been told to say to myself. The thing is, there are friends of mine who I prefer to be sober with, because I want to listen and bond—it's fun. If I was always with those people, I could be sober, no problem. I have nothing to be passionate about.

Nothing? There must be something.
Work. I have nothing else to be excited about. It sucks.

You're not ready to start dating?
I see this one girl from time to time, but there are always issues, it seems. The broad I see now, she's 25, works in pharmaceuticals. I met her at the Funny Bone, after a gig I did in Pittsburgh. I'll have to see what happens with her—she's "the Neil Young chick" when Howard talks about her on-air, because I mentioned that the first time I went over to her apartment, she had a Neil Young poster, and that's as far as she will let me go, describing her. It's rather pathetic. I don't even know the name of the company where she works. It's a humiliating job, being a comedian.

How so?
It can really get you down. The best thing one comedian can see is another comedian bombing—we relish it. But still, I never rooted for a friend to fail. One of the best stories I have is from the Comedy Cellar in '94. There were people yelling over setups, and Dave Attell just barreled through—he was completely fearless. Norm MacDonald is like that, too. The definition of a hack is a comedian giving the audience what they want. When Attell realized that he was making me laugh in the back every couple of minutes, he kept at it, regardless of the audience: "David, why do you do comedy—the fame, the pussy? No, I need to find my daughter." Then he shouts, "Nadine?!" Another dead end. The crowd was ready to throw a beer at him. And he wouldn't stop.

"I can't believe the way the Stern show gets you this rock-star image. It's an extraordinary relationship that you have with the fans. I never experienced it before."

"Nadine?!" I was dying in the back. But, you know, with my luck, I can make money, while these guys have to hustle. It's part of the business.

I know you love being on *The Howard Stern Show*, but is there anything that frustrates you about it?
The show changed my life. Really, I have no complaints. All the rumors about me leaving, dying, I can't let it affect me. I guess the one thing is Howard's [lack of] sports knowledge. When I start talking about baseball, basketball, any sport—he has no idea what I'm talking about, and neither does Robin [Quivers]. But a lot of the fans know, so he lets me do it. I can't believe the way the Stern show gets you this rock-star image. It's an extraordinary relationship that you have with the fans. I never experienced it before the show. In the past, a few people might have known my movie work, or *MADtv*. But now, because of the Stern show, in every city I go to while touring, I feel like I've got a place to crash.

Are you close with everyone on the show?
Definitely; it's like family. And this summer I will use the beach house to entertain everyone from the show, along with my close friends—all the guys I grew up with in Jersey. It's going to be more low-key.

Do you mind being the butt of so many jokes?
People relate to someone who screws up, and they admire you if you are honest about it. It's one area where I am confident. I still feel like a regular schmo. Rather than being phony about it, I go with it. I guess I was at the right place, at the right time. Getting on *The Howard Stern Show* is the greatest thing that happened to me. I am sitting in a $2 million shore house, with a hot reporter chick interviewing me—I am lucky. This summer will be a turning point for me: I'll be in shape, maybe I'll even get laid.

Tell me about your upcoming reality show.
I received money up front just to shoot the pilot—$50k—but it's depressing me. With stand-up I can perfect my act, but in the "reality" format I get self-conscious sometimes, and I get frustrated and depressed. Reality-TV producers like train wrecks, but I think it will be more of a bore. I am not going to purposely fuck up for them.

When was your addiction most severe?
In 2005, during [the shooting of the 2006 comedy] *Beer League,* I got to a point where I had numbers in every city for guys that could get me heroin. There was a guy in Boston, let's call him Joey—shady guy; he was one of them. Colin Quinn was onstage once, and Joey was in the audience. That night, four big goons out of nowhere beat Joey up and everyone in the crowd was freaking out. Quinn played it off: "That's my closing joke, guys, thanks." Joey was a bad gambler, he owed a bookie $150,000. I haven't seen Joey since 2005. I hope he's alive.

Do you still have all those numbers?
I purposely got rid of most of them, and I changed my number. I remember visiting John Belushi's grave on Martha's Vineyard, and it was trashed—people left bags of blow and cans of beer. It's rumored that they removed John's actual body [to protect it]. The chaos that drugs cause is not romantic or glamorous—it's assholes creating would-be grave diggers. Belushi and Farley died from coke and heroin—it's just so pathetic. Thinking about this, I am so appalled by my old lifestyle.

How do you avoid your triggers to prevent a relapse?
Grown men come to my shows with my book—it's like what an eight-year-old kid does with Miley Cyrus. Construction workers with dust on their asses. It's eerie, but it blows me away. I've got a solid structure and the best people around me for the first time in my life—my blue-collar extended family. It's redeeming. It helps me get up in the morning, knowing how dedicated the fans are. I get a good feeling when I meet fans who quote me. It's rather touching. You don't get that even if you are a movie star.

UPDATE

Lange has been laying low since the suicide attempt, spending time at home with his mother, Judy, and his sister, Stacey, who reports that Artie is "still in bed, and not speaking more than five words a day." Artie's sister canceled his comedy shows in Las Vegas and at Foxwoods, as well as a few club dates in New York that were scheduled for June and July.

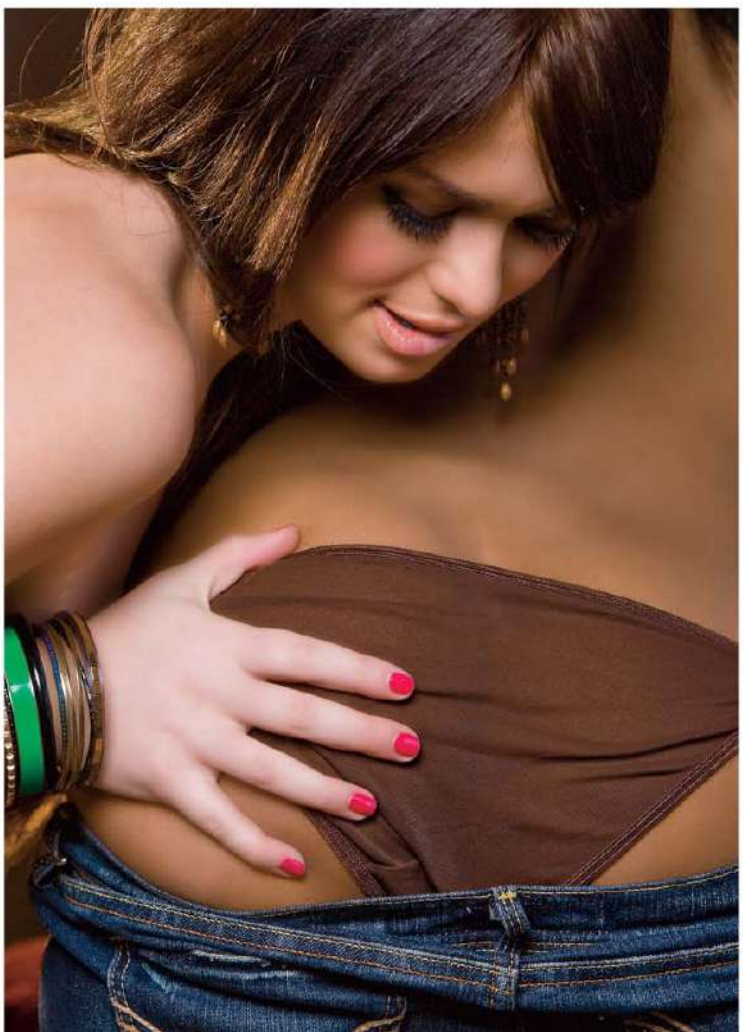
Lange, who had a book deal and a reality show in the offing (they've been postponed), told our reporter, "I like to think people like me because I'm funny and talented, but it goes beyond that because I have done a lot of fucking-up in my life. I am not trying to lie about my past to get a Miller Lite commercial and be part of that whole hypocrisy."

In addition to relying on support from his mother and his sister, Artie reached out to Stern, telling Howard then that he had been sober for 54 days. Stern reported on his show that Artie sounded like "up Artie" (Lange has had symptoms of manic depression), and says he has no plans to replace Lange.

girls' night in

Ashlyn had always been attracted to Rhianna, so she invited her friend over when their boyfriends went out. To her delight, tentative caresses quickly led to sapphic experimentation, which yielded surprisingly explosive climaxes. By the time the guys got back, the ladies had explored every crevice of each other's luscious bodies. All they needed for this night to be the most satisfying they'd ever known was rock-hard dicks hitting all those hard-to-reach places.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

TALK DIRTY TO ME

I travel a lot on business and I love phone sex—the dirtier, the better. So far, I've managed to talk every one of my girlfriends into burning up the phone lines with hot talk, and have even convinced a few to masturbate till they came. When I'm on the road, sex-talking helps keep me connected to the woman I'm seeing. I don't see anything wrong with it, but my current partner isn't cool with it. Is there anything I can say that will convince her to try it?

The Downs side: Talking dirty doesn't come naturally to everyone. It can feel more than a little awkward if you're not used to it. To get started:

Lay Some Groundwork

Before your next business trip, spend some time talking with her about sex—the sex you're having, the sex you've had, and the sex you'd like to have. That will give you an idea of where her comfort zone is.

Define Vocal Boundaries

One of the hardest things about sex talk is developing an erotic vocabulary. There is a fine line between nasty and just plain gross, and that's a matter of personal taste. I know a lot of women who have no problem saying "fuck" and "cock" all the time, but who blush at "pussy" and cringe at "cunt." Talking about sex becomes a lot less awkward when you can agree on words to use.

Take It Long Distance

After having some good sex chats in person, it might be easier to get a hot long-distance call going the next time you're alone and horny in another city. Just don't put her on the spot. If you want a big performance, complete with panting and moaning, call a 1-900 number. With your girlfriend, it shouldn't have to be theatrical. Instead, try something like sharing sexual fantasies, or trading sexual confessions. Let the conversation go where it will. Then feel free to start jerking off when it gets good.

The Pet doctor: Women love to chat on the phone. I think you can turn any girl into a phone-sex addict by using the right approach.

Lay Some Groundwork

• Your current hottie may need a bit more verbal foreplay to warm her up. Instead of focusing on descriptions of sexual acts and parts, which is what gets men off, begin by telling her how much she turns you on, focusing on such details as the softness of her skin, the silkiness of her hair, and the juiciness of her kisses.

• Get her talking about her idyllic lovemaking scenario, and tell her that this is what you imagine when you hear her voice. Don't be afraid to get poetic on her—the sappier the better—even if her ideal fantasy is the two of you on a gorgeous Tahitian beach, the wind blowing through her hair, and her body looking sumptuous under a long see-through dress.

Define Vocal Boundaries

Once you get her all warmed up, you can make the move from romantic to sexual, but tread lightly. She might not like crude terms and may prefer that even explicit sexual stuff be veiled in romantic terms or paired with intimacy.

Take It Long Distance

Try exploring her fantasies while you are in bed with her (either during foreplay or in your après sex cuddle), then spring them on her while you're on the phone. It will require a little delving into her secret world, but the research will be worth it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (BARGAIN OR BOGUS?) KEN KAMINESKY/TAKE 2 PRODUCTIONS/CORBIS

BARGAIN OR BOGUS?

I recently lost my job and have had to cut some corners. I've started buying condoms from a 99-cent store, but with all the talk lately about counterfeit condoms, should I be concerned about their quality? Are they as safe as the ones sold in drugstores?

The Pet doctor: I am a firm believer that you get what you pay for in life. When it comes to items of personal hygiene and health protection, it only makes sense to avoid dollar stores that are full of stuff that's not worth even one cent. Many of their wares have been shown to be defective, toxic, carcinogenic, outdated, broken, and otherwise crappy.

With regard to counterfeit condoms, China indeed exported millions of fakes, most of which ended up in small stores nationwide. Some were labeled Durex, Rough Rider, Jissbon, Six Sense, and Love Card, but authorities also found millions of the phony rubbers packaged in counterfeit Trojan wrappers being sold in small discount stores throughout the United States. I'm not sure if any of the dollar stores in your area were the unlucky recipients of these fakes, but if I were you, I wouldn't take any chances. Do yourself a favor by cutting back on other luxuries, and buy respectable brands sold in major drugstores.

The Downs side: It's true, brand-name counterfeits are out there. The *L.A. Times* reported recently that condom counterfeiting is rampant in China, and millions of fakes have turned up at discount stores in the United States. These knockoffs are often packaged in unsterile conditions and lubricated with vegetable oil, which causes latex rubber to disintegrate. If you see brands such as Trojan or Durex for 99 cents a box, that's no bargain; it's a health hazard.

Major brands, at upward of $8 a box, aren't the only safe and reliable condoms, however. A cheap off-brand might be just as good.

Regardless of the brand, there are a few important caveats to keep in mind when shopping for condoms. First, always check the expiration date. Condoms carry expiration dates because latex rubber degrades over time. An expired condom is more likely to break. Second: Condoms are sensitive to heat. They need to be kept at room temperature. A case of condoms that has been sitting in a sweltering or freezing warehouse could be ruined. Reputable stores that routinely stock condoms, such as pharmacies, ought to know how to handle them properly. But a 99-cent store that happens to come by an odd lot of condoms? I would have concerns about the integrity of the supply chain.

If you're willing to gamble, buy a box, then unwrap a condom and inspect it. If the rubber feels tacky or if it sticks to itself, that's a bad sign. Unroll the condom and give it a few good tugs, then blow it up like a balloon, or fill it with water. It should take a reasonable amount of stress without breaking. If you have any doubts, toss the box.

Finally, it's worth mentioning that family-planning clinics and college health offices give away condoms. You can't do better than free.

PISS ON HIM

My boyfriend and I were watching porn, and in one scene, a woman orgasmed and squirted. It was like she ejaculated. My boyfriend thought it was really hot and I, too, have to admit that it was. But now he's fixated on this and wonders why I don't squirt. I told him I just don't. He thinks this means I'm faking my orgasms, but I'm not, and I've just about had it with his logic.

The Pet doctor: Unfortunately, your boyfriend is like many men who take porn a little too seriously. Yes, a small percentage of women do indeed squirt copious amounts of fluid before or during an orgasm—or simply from the stimulation of their Skene's, or paraurethral gland (female prostate). However, there is absolutely no indication that their rainfall orgasms are superior to our dewy ones. I can squirt a bit from intense G-spot pressure, but I do not always experience an orgasm from such stimulation. And I hate to disappoint you guys, but my clitorally induced orgasms are far more powerful—and entirely squirt-free.

SOME WOMEN, BUT PROBABLY NOT VERY MANY, "SQUIRT." IT DEFINITELY SHOULDN'T BE TAKEN AS PROOF OF A GENUINE ORGASM.

If you are really into pleasing this guy, you can try to get yourself to squirt by regularly practicing Kegels, then drinking lots of fluids and massaging your G spot with a curved vibrator until you get the urge to urinate—then let yourself go!

Although female ejaculate is not urine (its composition is similar to that of semen), it is often mixed with diluted urine, so be prepared for that ammonia smell. But if you are happy with your orgasms and don't like the mess, tell your boyfriend to get over his porn-induced fixation—unless he is willing to reciprocate by performing like a male porn star, with copious amounts of ejaculate. Tell him that squirting is far more fun to watch than to clean up—unless he likes his love nest to be damp, or is willing to do the laundry every time you come.

The Downs side: Some women, but probably not very many, "squirt" when they have an orgasm. It definitely shouldn't be taken as proof of a genuine orgasm.

What is female ejaculation? It depends on whom you want to believe. Everyone agrees it involves some kind of fluid spurting from a woman's urethra. There is evidence that this fluid is not urine, but a secretion that comes from glands surrounding the urethra. Many medical experts aren't convinced, and they maintain that it's nothing more than urinary incontinence. Women who actually experience ejaculation argue that what comes out is not pee. To some women who squirt, it's an embarrassing problem. Others see it as a special ability and take pride in it.

Like you, when I first learned about female ejaculation, I thought it was pretty neat. Lately, though, I'm fed up with it. As your letter shows, it just adds to some women's anxieties about orgasm. Before squirting came into vogue, they already had to worry about how many orgasms they were capable of having in a row; whether it was okay to enjoy sex that didn't lead to orgasm; whether they could have an orgasm during intercourse without touching their clits; whether they were lazy if they relied on a vibrator for orgasm; or whether they should take prescription drugs or herbal remedies to become more orgasmic. On top of all that, now they have to ejaculate.

Here's an idea for you: Tell your boyfriend I said that men ought to be able to have orgasms without ejaculating. Tell him that if he loses his load, it means he's no good in bed. Or just piss on him. He won't know the difference.

TIE ME UP, TIE ME DOWN

After five years, sex for my wife and me has become kind of routine. I'm open to trying different things, but my wife wants to tie me up. She says we should both try it, but that I should go first. I know absolutely nothing about bondage—except that I'm fairly sure I don't want to be cuffed, tied, or restrained in any manner. If—and I do mean* if*— I agree to do this, what should I expect?

The Downs side: Maybe she just wants to try some mild teasing and pleasing—feather ticklers, fuzzy handcuffs, and such—but she might have some scary, hard-core shit in mind. There's only one way for you to find out. You'll have to ask her.

Most couples get around to experimenting with bondage at some point. Sometimes it provides an unexpected thrill that sets them on a new course for sexual adventure. More often, though, the blindfold and handcuffs end up gathering dust in a bedroom closet.

Why would anyone want to be tied up? To completely give up control. That alone can be an intense experience for some people. It can also make everything that happens while they're tied up more intense. And the scarier the idea of being rendered powerless is to you, the greater the pleasure you might get from surrendering control.

Trust is the key to the whole thing. It's the difference between thrill and terror. If you like extreme roller coasters, for example, it's because part of you implicitly trusts that they're safe.

If you have that kind of trust in your wife, I would urge you to not slam the door on bondage play. But I would recommend picking up a few books or DVDs for couples to learn more about it.

The Pet doctor: I think you are overthinking this. You don't know how you will feel in bondage until you are there. Many people who are restrained actually feel a release of tension, a relaxing sense of surrender, a liberating loss of control, or an exciting anticipation of "being done."

The essence of bondage is the transfer of control from the submissive partner to the dominant; however, in such a control exchange, the dominant partner's duty is to supply the submissive with intense sexual pleasure. The submissive should have a "safe word" that stops the action if it becomes too uncomfortable or frightening, but if both parties understand each other's limits and desires, there should be no call to use it.

There's a small chance that you may be one of those control freaks who can't stand to be dominated under any circumstances, but my rule is, don't knock anything till you try it. Start by asking your wife to describe her fantasies about being in control, so you get an idea of what she might do with your trussed-up body. Then, let her take charge and follow her lead. If you are still freaked out by the thought of physical restraint, you could try a mental restraint: Have your wife tell you to lie still and pretend to be bound, while she gets to have her way with you (with some agreed-upon punishment if you violate her orders). Remember, she wants a hot, passionate orgasm out of this scene—and so do you—so if a little rope fans your mutual flames, go for it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BARTHOLOMEW/ALAMY

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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VEGGING

There's nothing like the sight of a well-tended garden filled with fresh veggies to get the juices flowing. For one horny, light-fingered neighbor with a penchant for baking, good things are guaranteed to come.

By K. D. Grace • Illustrations by Abner Devereaux

The fact that Todd Sheldon often worked his vegetable garden in nothing but running shorts definitely got Beth's attention. From her kitchen window, she watched the interplay of hard muscle and organic greens as he caressed feathery leaves, pushing and parting, grasping the foliage then pulling until the soft loam yielded up the perfect carrot. She caught her breath as he ran a fisted hand up and down the length, stroking it as she would imagine he might his cock when he was hard. The thought made the muscles below her belly tight and twitchy.

Somewhere in the midst of watching his harvest, Beth's fingers slipped under her skirt, into her pout. She wondered what a carrot would feel like down there, filling her warm, wet hole with veggie goodness.

The next evening she put on her sexiest sundress, took a nice bottle of Chilean merlot, and went to meet him. She'd moved into the house almost three weeks ago, and if she waited much longer, he might think her unneighborly. She walked across her yard and knocked on his back door, but there was no answer.

She knocked once more and glanced around the vegetable garden. Her pussy twitched as her gaze came to rest on the row of carrots. She set the bottle of wine down by the door, kicked off her sandals, and stepped into the crumbly warm soil. Straddling the carrot row was an act that in itself seemed yummy and naughty.

She ran trembling fingers down the foliage as she had seen him do, then tugged. Nothing happened. She widened her stance and pulled, firmly. At last the carrot was free. The veg she had chosen was obscenely huge, not pointed at the end, as Todd's had been, but comfortably rounded, a sight that made her pussy feel fat, swollen, hungry.

She wondered how the size compared to that of the man who'd planted it. She looked around at the rest of the garden. Even larger than the carrot were dozens of zucchinis peeking from under huge, fan-shaped leaves. There were long, ridged cucumbers hanging heavily from makeshift trellises. Todd's was a regular garden of phalluses varying in size and shape, and she had the overwhelming urge to try them all.

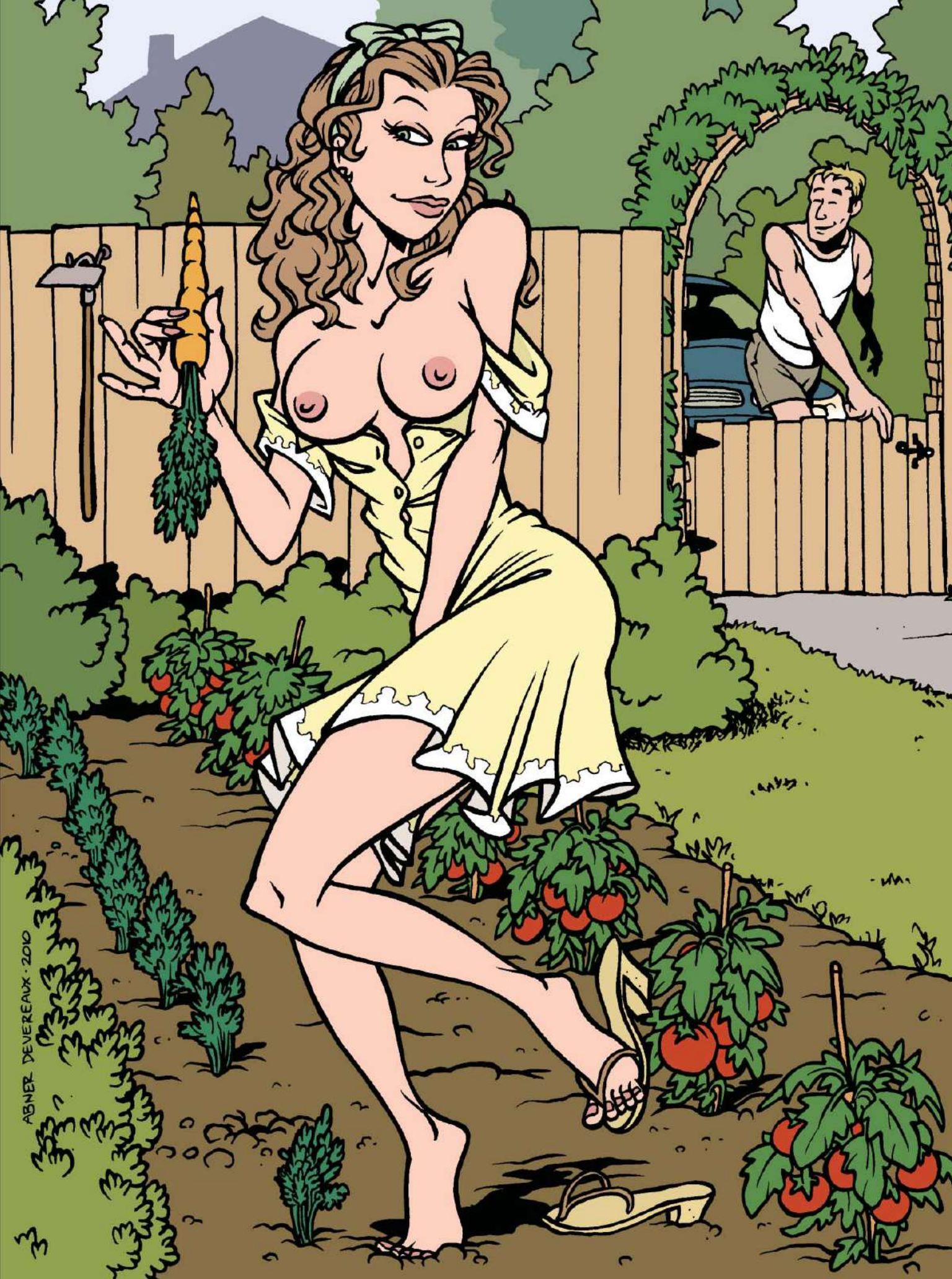
Brazenly, she undid the buttons of the sundress to reveal breasts mounded high, with just enough space to slide the carrot into the tight valley between. She fantasized that it was Todd's cock between her breasts. One hand caressed and maneuvered the veg while she squatted deeper, pausing to yank the crotch of her panties aside.

She pulled the carrot from between her breasts, then ran her tongue along the underside, tasting her sweat mixed with faint intimations of earth. She swirled her tongue over the rounded tip as though it were Todd's cock, thick and ready to fill her pussy. With saliva dripping down her chin from her efforts to deep-throat the carrot, she parted her cunt lips and thrust the veggie home, whimpering her pleasure as her cunt grasped the shaft like a hungry infant at the breast.

One hand thrust the carrot in and out of her tight grip, while the other tweaked her clit until it felt bigger and harder than the stones lining Todd's outrageous, erotic garden.

If he had returned, she would never have noticed. Her whole world had shrunk to her pussy and what the carrot was doing to it. She held her breath, until at last the explosion rolled over her in waves and she cried out, losing her balance and falling backward on her ass in the middle of the carrot row.

With her pussy still thrumming from the aftershocks, she cleared


ABNER DEVEREAUX · 2010

away the evidence of her intrusion. Then she fled back to her house, still clutching the pussy-flavored carrot tightly in her hand, to her bed, where she made love to the veg twice more before collapsing into blissful, exhausted sleep.

She awoke in the early morning hours, the carrot still deep in her cunt. As she wriggled around its delicious probing, she felt a twinge of guilt, and knew exactly what she needed to do to assuage it.

She padded downstairs naked and lit the oven. She hummed happily while mixing the ingredients—eggs, flour, lots of butter, cinnamon, and sugar. When everything else was ready, she sat on the kitchen stool, kneading her breasts with flour-dusted hands until the stool was slick beneath her pout. Then she took the carrot, gave it a quick but thorough deep-throating, and thrust it into her wet cunt. Rocking and thinking of Todd, she enjoyed one last mind-blowing come before adding the final ingredient to the batter.

The next evening when she came home from work, she found her sandals by her back door, along with a shallow wicker basket mounded with small, jewel-bright tomatoes. Her delight over the tomatoes was tempered by the feeling that she had been caught in the act. Certainly Todd had to wonder at the coincidence of her strappy sandals on his back porch and his poor, wallowed carrots.

From where she stood at the window she could see Todd hoeing weeds. She relished the way his buttocks in their revealing shorts tightened each time he struggled with a weed. Then he turned his attention to the carrots, caressing the broken fronds, scratching his head and looking around for clues of what had happened. His package, which bulged and rippled beneath the shorts, made her fantasize about what he would be like when he was aroused.

In the morning, when she was sure Todd had left for work, she returned the basket generously laden with luscious, thickly iced carrot cake. As she sat the basket in front of his door, she gave the erect zucchini a knowing smile, and her pussy clenched at the thought of something so thick fucking her. She tiptoed into the garden, reaching out to stroke the smooth green skin. A quick look around told her there were plenty of other zucchinis. Surely Todd wouldn't miss just one. She was tempted to take it now, but somehow taking it home before they could get properly acquainted felt like having sex before the first date. She gave it one last fondle and rushed off to work.

It rained that evening. Beth watched in frustration as the rain battered the leaves of the zucchini plant. How pathetic was it that she'd planned her evening around a sexual encounter with a vegetable? She tried to occupy her time with other things, but she couldn't keep her mind off Todd's phallic vegetables. That was it. Rain or not, she had to have the zucchini.

The mud *squish-squished* between her toes, and she slipped and slid precariously down between the rows, nearly belly flopping in front of the zucchini plant. She grasped the zucchini as though it were Todd's erection, then with a gentle tug and a twist, felt the heavy weight of it in her hand, the girth of it like an open challenge to her gushing slit.

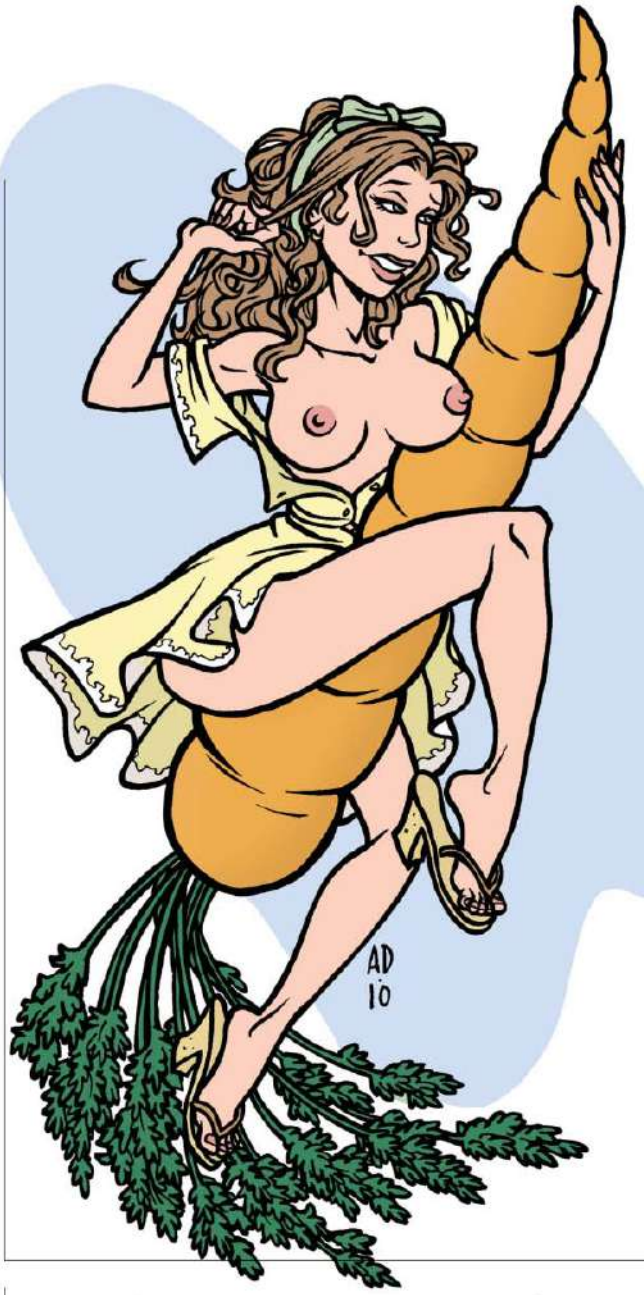
She lifted one leg onto the wheelbarrow, then pushed herself onto the unyielding vegetable. She had never had anything so thick in her pussy before. The rain intensified, and she stood in the mud wriggling and groaning her way onto the zucchini.

When she was fully impaled, she came quickly. Her whole body shuddered, then quaked, and she dropped to her knees trembling and gasping, the zucchini now firmly grasped in her pussy. Before she could recover, she heard Todd's car pull into the drive. With her heart in her throat, she extracted her new best friend from her slit and made a dash across the yard to her house. But not before a heavy ridged cucumber caught her eye. She knew she'd be back.

In the morning she woke stiff and sore from her night's pleasuring. She walked carefully about the kitchen preparing flour, eggs, cinnamon, and sugar. Then she had one last ride on the zucchini before she made the bread. When it was done, she slipped across the yard and left a fragrant, foil-wrapped loaf on Todd's porch.

All that day she tried to convince herself that she should wait a while before she visited his garden again, but she couldn't keep her mind off the lovely, engorged cucumber.

She waited all Saturday morning for Todd to leave the house. When his car finally pulled out of the drive-



way, she threw on a loose minidress that buttoned down the front and barely covered her ass. Once in Todd's garden, she slipped it off her shoulders until she could tug at her nipples. Her pussy was slippery and she slipped two, then three fingers into her cunt, remembering the girth of the zucchini. This time she would not approach such a formidable vegetable without a little foreplay.

When she was ready, she reached for the cucumber, then winced and drew back quickly. The damn thing was rough, prickly, almost spiny. She looked around at the carrots and zucchinis, but she had her heart set on the cucumber.

"Well this certainly explains a lot."

She yelped her surprise and turned to find Todd standing right behind her, his gaze lingering over her exposed breasts and her hand still buried beneath her dress. She couldn't help

noticing the way his shorts tented around a growing erection.

"The carrot cake, the zucchini bread, they were both delicious, but they were made from stolen veg, weren't they? I'm willing to bet you fucked my vegetables before you baked them, didn't you?"

She nodded from beneath a heavy blush. No use denying the obvious.

"You're a very naughty girl." Without taking his eyes off her, he reached down and pulled up a slender carrot, then ran the foliage through the curved fingers of one hand. Before she could attempt an apology, he stepped forward and brought the fronds down with a stinging *whoosh* across her erect nipples. She gasped.

"Naughty girls, girls who fuck stolen vegetables, need to be punished." He turned her around and placed her hands on the wheelbarrow, which forced her bottom into the air. Then he shoved her dress up over her hips, lingering to caress her ass cheeks and slide a solicitous thumb down the length of her cleft. Before she had time to fully appreciate his fondling, he brought the carrot fronds down with a brisk smack across her bottom, and she yelped again.

"I'll teach you to fuck my vegetables without telling me." He brought down his makeshift whip again. This time she only moaned and wriggled her bottom, spreading her legs, wanting him to see what his punishment was doing to her drenched pout.

He couldn't help but notice how swollen and slippery she was. He buried a finger in her cunt, then brought it to his lips, flicking his tongue like a cat lapping cream. "*Mmm,* I think I've discovered the secret ingredient to your delicious baked goods."

She peeked over her shoulder to see him rubbing the carrot with his saliva, and without warning, he eased the carrot into her anus. "I picked this one too early," he said. "It needs to go back in the hole." With that, he gave the probing carrot a shove.

She cried out in shock at the surprise invasion. The pain quickly transformed to pleasure, intense enough to catapult her into orgasm as he thrust the vegetable in and out of her clenching anus.

He chuckled satisfaction. "I've never known anyone with such a unique appreciation for my garden." He bent forward and nibbled her earlobe. "Don't move. I'll be right back."

He left her bent over the upturned wheelbarrow with the carrot buried up her ass. She tugged and tweaked her clit, dipping her fingers in and out of her still-spasming gash.

He returned quickly and slapped her hands away. "Naughty little vegetable thieves don't get to play with their pussies. They have to make amends to the gardener. Besides, we both know you want more than fingers in your cunt. That's why you came to my garden."

She watched while he picked the heavy cucumber from its vine. "Some vegetables need a little preparation before they're ready to be enjoyed." He took a knife and peeled back the skin until the bare fruit was exposed, except for the bit in his hand. "There now, that should do the trick."

Her mouth watered at the sight, and her pussy tingled. She spread her legs in anticipation, clenching her ass cheeks around her full anus.

"You want my cucumber in your pussy, don't you?" He ran it over her parted lips and circled her clit. She moaned and spread her legs further.

"As bad as you are, I don't know if I should give you what you want." He circled her clit again and maneuvered the moist, firm tip of the veg so it teased apart her lips. Then he pulled it back, and when she struggled to push onto it, he smacked her bottom with the flat of his hand. "Such a nasty girl."

"Please. Please put it in me." She rose on her toes until her calves burned in her effort to get closer to the tantalizing cucumber.

"You must be so uncomfortable with your cunny all swollen and pouting. Poor dirty girl." He slipped the cucumber in just enough for her pussy to grip at it, then withdrew it again.

"Please! I need it," she sobbed in frustration. "Oh, please put it in me."

Without another word, he shoved the cucumber home, and it was at least as big as the zucchini, stretching her pussy and lubricating her with its fragrant juices. Todd thrust both the carrot and the cucumber in rhythm, until Beth was grinding and pushing back against him with each thrust. Then he yanked the cucumber from her pussy, and her sex-crazed mind barely registered the tearing of a condom wrapper. "You need more than vegetables for a healthy diet."

She never saw his cock, but she sure as hell felt it as he shoved into her, manipulating the carrot as he did so. Suddenly she knew—cucumber or zucchini, there was no comparison to the real thing. He fondled her breasts, stroked her clit, then eased back, always keeping her just on the edge of orgasm, until at last he grunted in her ear, "I can't hold back much longer."

"Then do it!" she hissed between clenched teeth.

He thrust until she thought he would split her in two, and she rode him back until she felt his cock convulse. With a loud groan, he yanked the carrot from her anus, and the orgasm juddered through her like an earthquake. She cried out and bucked against him in a frenzy until he lost his balance and they both landed in the dirt, writhing on the ground between the carrots and the zucchini.

For a long time they just struggled to breathe, lying in the warm summer earth, covered in dirt and sweat and come. Then he stood, took her hand, and led her in to his shower.

As she soaped and caressed his cock, she observed he was neither like a zucchini nor a carrot. More like a banana, actually. He moaned his pleasure at her touch and curled his fingers in her hair. "It's nice to finally find someone who appreciates a good vegetable garden."

She smiled up at him. "I'm really glad to hear that, because I'm counting on you to help me get my five-a-day." She rinsed his cock, then knelt and took him into her mouth. Vegetables were great, but it was exceptionally yummy to have meat on the menu again.

"Vegging" by K. D. Grace, from *Best Women's Erotica 2010,* edited by Violet Blue. Published by Cleis Press, 2010.

She wondered **what a carrot would feel like** down there, **filling her warm, wet hole** with veggie goodness.

falling for grace

Twenty-two-year-old Misha Grace is the kind of woman who makes it easy to fall fast and hard. The 34D-24-34 former cheerleader from Denver is working as a cocktail waitress until she starts studying business administration at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas in the fall, and she's making the most of her time in Sin City.

Photographs by Sean Hartgrove

"If I were truly attracted to someone and the moment was right, I would definitely have sex with a stranger. You have to get to know each other sometime, right?"

"The biggest turn-ons when it comes to guys are confidence, intelligence, and tattoos. Hypocritical douche bags with big egos are *not* welcome."

"My favorite fantasy is to make love on a beach, but there's nothing chick-flick romantic about it. I'm talking a threesome with a guy and another girl when there's a lot of people around!"

"After one fun night of partying in Las Vegas, I went to a sex store, then back to a hotel for a crazy threesome with my boyfriend and my sexy friend."

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The Contessa's Chateau of Pleasure

Penthouse Variations

Imposing blonde Avy Scott guides you through a carnal castle wherein each room hosts a different deviant delight. Leading things off is Aiden Starr, who shines as a mistress punishing her charge: a politician who's been trying to close local strip joints. Their scene is most notable for Starr's command of her partner and the squeals of delight she gives up when she's filled with his cock. Guys with a taste for feet will eat up the scene with a lowly foot fetishist paying a different kind of lip service to the peds of Courtney Page (easily the kinkiest coupling here). Best scene? An absolutely smoking girl-girl exploration with a corset-clad Avy and 2010 Penthouse Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen. After liberating Taylor from a cage, Avy rides her face beautifully. Taylor plays the submissive role well, snaking her tongue upward to meet her mistress's snatch and rubbing her clit with delicate, reverent strokes. I loved their interaction here: Avy is a full-breasted stunner with a provocative face, and she and the lush and lovely Taylor create an erotic experience that will leave you satisfied, but still wanting much more.

Above: Avy Scott and Taylor Vixen
Right: Kris Slater and Aiden Starr

By Johnny Bronx

OPPOSITES ATTRACT
Penthouse Letters

A well-to-do gent hooks up with a hot-to-trot stripper (knockout brunette Andy San Dimas); a repressed housewife (Kiera King) presses the flesh with a real live porn stud; and starving artists really deliver for their patrons. In the best (and most laugh-out-loud) scene, leather-clad bikers Mason Moore and Evan Stone check into what they think is a sleazy, hot-sheets motel only to be given the velvet-and-lace-strewn bridal suite. Stone offers the bellboy a righteous beatdown, but they soon get their fuck on among the romantic finery, with equally righteous results. Stone chews the scenery almost as much as Mason's heavily inked flesh, pumping her puss until she's a squealing, squirting mess, leaving her (and you) mighty satiated. This flick is a good one to share with a lady friend, even if you don't think she's a "porno" type. Because, well, you never know....

PUBIC ENEMY
Penthouse Features

This film takes aim at *Public Enemies* with a volley of bad puns, cross-dressing G-men, and enough hot sex to make it all worthwhile. Tommy Gunn stars as bank robber John Drillinger, who breaks out of stir after plowing prison warden Roxanne Hall. While Drillinger and Baby Face (Scott Styles) are on the lam, Baby Face's moll—the brilliantly named Molly (Bella Cole)—throws him an exciting if by-the-numbers hump that shows off her thin body and natural tits. My favorite clip here features Penthouse Pet and cover girl Audrey Bitoni, who reaches sexual overdrive with her deep-throat technique. She and Danny Mountain have a great sixty-nine before the pint-size Pet's plump pussy gets taken in reverse-cowgirl and doggie-style, shown off with great camerawork. And while all Gunn has in common with John Drillinger is a big cock, you get to see Gunn's in all its glory as he bangs sexy blonde Brynn Tyler at film's end.

Above left: Andy San Dimas and Randy Spears
Above right: Brynn Tyler and Tommy Gunn

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THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

The sound of the front door opening startled me. Ellen wasn't supposed to be home for another three days. That's why I was staying at her house, taking care of her cat. The guy walking in the door had a duffle bag over his shoulder and in his hand a set of keys—almost identical to the set Ellen had given me. He was startled when he saw me, and we both immediately asked, "Who are you? What are you doing here?" Our questions overlapped, as did our answers, but we figured out Ellen had double-booked. Rob was her other cat-sitter.

Neither of us had any intention of leaving. Rob wanted a break from his roommates, and I needed to escape the city. We agreed that we'd both stay, and keep to separate parts of the house. Rob was content with the guest room and wanted nothing more than to sit in Ellen's den playing videogames for hours, which left me the master bedroom, not to mention the rest of the house. Perfect.

That night, when I decided to pick up something for dinner, I figured I'd see if Rob wanted anything. He was kinda cute, after all, and it would have been rude not to offer. When I came back with the food, Rob joined me in the living room and we watched a movie I'd rented. As we watched, we unconsciously moved closer to each other, and before the movie was over we were pressed together. We both turned our heads at the same time, and the next thing I knew, we were kissing.

Our kisses quickly turned to fondling and groping, and within minutes we were horizontal on the couch, both our shirts discarded and Rob's hands working on my belt while I tried to pull down his pants. It wasn't easy to undress each other in the position we were in, but we tried our best.

Rob was on top of me, and as I wiggled around to get my pants off, he played with my pussy, slipping his fingers between the wet folds. It felt so good that within a couple of minutes, I came, and when his fingers delved deeper, I couldn't control the moan that escaped my throat. I was sure I'd come again before he got himself inside me, and I was right. Not two minutes later, I was shrieking with ecstasy as I came a second time from his talented fingers.

As I wiggled around to get my pants off, Rob played with my pussy, slipping his fingers between the wet folds.

When he finally entered me, I was overwhelmed with pleasure. Rob had a good-size cock that filled me nicely. I didn't have to instruct him on how to move or how deep to thrust; he seemed to know instinctively how to please me, and I was thrilled. He started stroking in and out, shallow at first, then deeper, then alternating between the two, keeping me aroused even in the missionary position. Rob was pumping in and out smoothly, and with each stroke I felt my body shiver with excitement. Soon I had my legs wrapped around his waist and I was raising my hips to meet his thrusts.

We kept at it until we both came, and it was explosive. Rob climaxed just after I did, my juices flowing out around his cock as he shot into me.

Ellen called a few days later to apologize if Rob had shown up, since she'd realized too late that she'd booked us both and hadn't been able to get through to him. "Yeah, he came by, but it's okay," I told her. "We got along just fine!"—*L.A., Kentucky*

GROUPIE SEX

Groupies are the best perk of being the lead singer of a rock band, and don't let anyone tell you different.

WHEN SHAWNA LENEÉ AND FRIENDS CUM TOGETHER...IT'S XXX HARDCORE!

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At a show in New York not long ago I met two chicks who were the definition of ideal groupies. They were in front of the stage during our entire set, and knew every word to every song we played, even ones we'd never played live. They were full of energy and danced as hard as we rocked. And, of course, they were smokin' hot, which is a key requirement if you want the band to notice you.

Even though the girls were going crazy during our set, they managed to be waiting in my dressing room when I got there. They gave me the usual lines—"We're your biggest fans" and "I've always dreamed of meeting you"—then swore they'd do anything if they could just hang out for a while. They had me at "anything."

I could tell they wanted to fuck me. Groupies have this look that regular fans don't, this predatory glint in their eyes. These girls really *were* willing to do anything to get into my pants. When I told them I didn't think I'd be able to choose whom to go to bed with first, they were more than ready to help with my dilemma. "Why choose when you can have both of us at the same time?" the shorter, blonder half of the duo said.

"I don't want to make you girls do anything you're not ready for," I said, sensing they were more experienced than they looked. "You look like such nice girls. You don't want to do something like that."

To prove me wrong, the girls began groping each other, their lips coming together like magnets. Their show lasted only a few seconds—not nearly long enough for me. "I don't think you're really into each other," I goaded, and once more they showed me how wrong I was. This time they kept it going longer, and with the heat coming off them, I had a feeling they really were into each other. They were kneading each other's tits and grabbing each other's asses—and then the clothes started to come off.

Band T-shirts and miniskirts went flying, followed by a pair of panties and a bra—only one of each, and each from a different girl—until they were left in only their Converse high-tops, classic groupie footwear. After that, they were all over me like a well-oiled machine, removing my clothes so fast I barely realized it was happening.

The girls were on their knees in a flash, cooing over my dick—what guy doesn't love hearing "Oh, my God, it's so big!"—as they took turns gobbling it up. When they got sick of sharing, one girl moved behind me to give my balls the royal treatment. The tongue-bath she gave my sac was sweet, and when she started playing with my ass, I knew I'd stumbled upon some top-notch groupies.

Man cannot come from blowjobs alone, though. (Well, he can, but fucking is at least as much fun.) It was clear these girls knew that as well, and after they'd brought me as close to exploding as they could without me *actually* exploding, they pulled me down to the floor with them and treated me to a double dose of pussy. The shorter, blonder chick hopped on my rock-hard dick while her friend mounted my face to ride my tongue. I'm no slacker in the sack, so I gave it to them good, fucking them with all I had.

My hips pumped up and down, meeting the cock-rider's energetic thrusts. Her cunt was wet and tighter than I'd expected, and every thrust put this unbelievably hot pressure on my cock, squeezing me just right and getting me all worked up. The girl doing the face-rocking was just as wet, and felt twice as tight, at least as far as I could tell. I swirled my tongue in all sorts of crazy patterns, hitting every hot spot on her lips, then added a few fingers and let my tongue focus on her hard little clit. She reacted instantly, gushing onto my face the second my finger brushed her G spot. I knew she could handle more, so I didn't stop what I was doing—I actually got more into it.

They pulled me to the floor. The shorter, blonder chick hopped on my rock-hard dick while her friend mounted my face to ride my tongue.

Both girls were going wild on me, and pretty soon I knew my rock-star cock was ready to blow. Pushing the girl off my face, I told them I was going to come. They were quickly on their feet, pulling me up with them. I scrambled to stand up, then watched the girls get down on their knees again. The taller one grabbed my cock and pumped her fist up and down my shaft. She did it a half-dozen times, until I started to come. Then the two of them fought to get in the line of fire, catching my come in their mouths, on their tits—wherever they could get it.

After the girls milked me dry, they licked my seed off each other.

As they dressed and got ready to go, I scrounged around for some appropriate souvenirs and sent them on their way with new T-shirts, some guitar picks, and a sweaty towel—every groupie's must-have item.

Like I said, the best thing about being in a rock band is the sex.—*N.T., Massachusetts*

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DOUBLE THE PLEASURE

My girlfriend Michelle and I had always been interested in trying a double-headed dildo, so when she bought me one for my birthday, it seemed the time was right for some experimenting. The dildo was bright pink and almost two feet long, with a head on each end. As soon as I saw it, I couldn't wait to try it out!

I dragged Michelle to the bedroom, the new dildo firmly in my hand, and began attacking her lips the second we toppled to the bed. I kissed her hungrily, wanting to show her how happy I was with the gift. And, of course, the more we kissed, the more excited we got, and the closer to trying out my birthday present.

Soon our hands were busy stripping each other out of our clothes while rolling around on the bed. It wasn't an easy task, as excited as we were. As soon as we were naked, we were going at it, fingering each other until we were dripping wet and ready to take on the double-headed dildo.

Michelle slipped her end inside her pussy first, anchoring the dildo in place for me. Then she lay on her back with it sticking up from her crotch like an erect penis. It was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen, and I wanted nothing more than to climb on top of her and ride that pink dick.

Straddling Michelle's legs, I slipped the head of the dildo between my moist pussy lips and slowly eased it inside. The smooth rubber slid in easily, and I felt full in no time. We stayed like that for a few moments, fondling each other and making out and feeling the dildo fill our pussies to the max. But that wasn't enough, and soon I started humping the dildo—and Michelle.

As I rode the dildo, my movements caused it to fuck my girlfriend as well. Each of my downward thrusts pushed the dildo deeper into Michelle's pussy, and when I pulled up, the dildo shifted with me, inching out of my girlfriend's cunt. After every three or four thrusts, I ground my pussy against hers, swirling the dildo inside myself—and her—and creating some much-appreciated friction between our clits. The combined sensations were overwhelming, and I knew it wouldn't be long before our new toy brought us to climax.

Before we could get too excited, however, Michelle flipped us over and took a turn on top. She thrust wildly, and her erratic, passionate movements caused the dildo to fuck me roughly, just the way I like it.

Michelle's energetic fucking had my juices dripping almost instantly, and we were both going crazy by the time we came, screaming out our pleasure and digging our fingers into sheets and flesh as intense orgasms wracked our bodies. We thrust against each other until we were sated, our bodies drenched in sweat and come, and then we collapsed onto each other and lay still, our pussies still stuffed with the magnificent dildo.

We didn't untangle ourselves until much later, and then it was only to grab some lube and start all over again!—*A.H., Texas*

We went at it, fingering each other until we were dripping wet and ready to take on the double-headed dildo.

SPRING BROKEN

A few weeks before a planned spring-break road trip with my buddies, I broke my leg and ended up in a cast from ankle to mid-thigh. No way could I sit in a car for hours, or get around at the crappy walk-up place we'd rented. Then, adding insult to injury, while I was at our local hangout on Friday night, my buddies kept sending me vacation photos of hot drunk girls at some club. After a half dozen, I threw down my phone, almost knocking over the beer the waitress was putting down in front of me. I turned to apologize, and the most incredible cleavage I'd ever seen was practically in my face. With a huge effort, I raised my gaze higher and saw a very pretty girl smirking at me. It was the waitress my teammates and I all lust after.

Maggie waved off my stuttered "sorry" and said, "Where are all the asshole football players?"

"Spring break. But I'm a football player, too."

"Please, you're the kicker. No one knows you unless you screw up. You don't get to be an arrogant asshole."

She smiled and walked away, and I wasn't sure what the hell had just happened. I knew I had been insulted pretty thoroughly, but still, that was the most friendly she'd ever been. She talked to guys just enough to get decent tips, and we all thought she played for the other team. Then suddenly she was back, and she sat down across from me. "I hope you don't mind if I join you. I'm getting off early because it's so slow."

After we'd talked for 15 minutes, I realized she was more of a jersey chaser than we'd thought. Maybe this would be a good night after all. Then she looked me in the eye and asked, "Is your quarterback still lying his ass off and telling people I fucked him?"

I grinned. This was looking like it could turn into a *very* good night. "Oh, yeah. He tries to work that story in whenever he can."

She winked at me and said, "Jackass. You know what would be really funny? Text him now and tell him I said I've always wanted to figure out how to screw a guy who has his leg in a cast."

I cracked up, found his number, and handed over my phone. "Why don't you do it?"

To my surprise, she did, typing something really fast. Then she looked at the phone for a minute, held it out, and snapped a photo. She sent another message and gave me back my phone. When I looked at the screen, I saw a photo of her tits. I scrolled to the message she had sent. It read, "Stop texting Eric. He's busy with these, I mean me." With no doubts now about what was going on, I turned off the phone.

"How would you go about screwing a guy in a cast?"

She fought back a smile, then said, completely seriously, "Cowgirl, of course. But my tits would be in your face again. If that's a problem, we'd have to go reverse-cowgirl."

I grinned and said, "Really not a problem, babe. Where should we conduct this experiment?"

"There's a recliner in the back room, but I don't think your foot will be high enough. Let's go upstairs."

Turns out she lives in one of the apartments above the bar—on the sixth floor. Thankfully, the building has an elevator. When we got to her place, she got me settled in on a futon, with pillows propping up my head and my cast. She grabbed two beers from the kitchen and handed me one before she straddled my torso. Man, this chick really was too good to be true!

It was time to take control, as much as I could in this position. I pulled her down to kiss her while I unbuttoned her shirt. Her nipples were already rock-hard, and when I pinched and twisted one, she started grinding her crotch on my dick, which was also rock-hard. A few minutes later, her skirt was up around her waist and I had two fingers deep in her dripping cunt. She pulled out of the kiss and shifted so her D-cups were rubbing against my face. I turned to suck one nipple, then bit the other, sliding a third finger into her snatch. Then I added my thumb, lubed it up, and eased it into her ass. She went fucking nuts!

After she came, her cunt and ass convulsing against my hand, she lifted her leg over my cast and knelt next to my crotch, deliberately putting her fun zone out of my reach. She opened my pants, pulled them down just enough to free my dick, and took me into her mouth. She sucked the shaft, taking in all eight inches, and wormed her hand into my boxers to cup my balls. Each time she slid her mouth up, she circled the head of my cock with her tongue. Then, when she slid down, her tongue did something amazing against the underside of my shaft. It was better than any blowjob I'd ever had, and I was ready to come way too soon.

I had two fingers deep in her dripping cunt. She pulled out of the kiss and shifted so her D-cups were rubbing in my face.

She must have felt my balls tightening up, because she stopped bobbing her head, looked up at me, and took my dick in all the way, just as I pumped a load down her throat. No surprise, she swallowed every drop.

She climbed back over my lap, but I needed some time to get hard again. I shook my head at her and said sternly, "You don't get that unless you sit on my face first." I assumed she would move up to my head, but she turned around to put her pussy over my face. I dove in, lapping at her lips and moving my hands up to finger her again. She was still dripping wet, and just for fun, I went for the shocker. The ass play made her crazy again, and she started rubbing her tits on my dick. I took a chance and smacked her ass with my other hand, and she let out an unbelievably loud moan. I spanked her a few more times while I ate her out, until she came again, rubbing her juice all over my face.

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My dick was ready for action again, and she leaned forward and pulled herself down my body. It seemed like she did want to go reverse-cowgirl, and that worked fine for me. After the way the spanking had gotten her off, I was more than happy to still have her ass within reach.

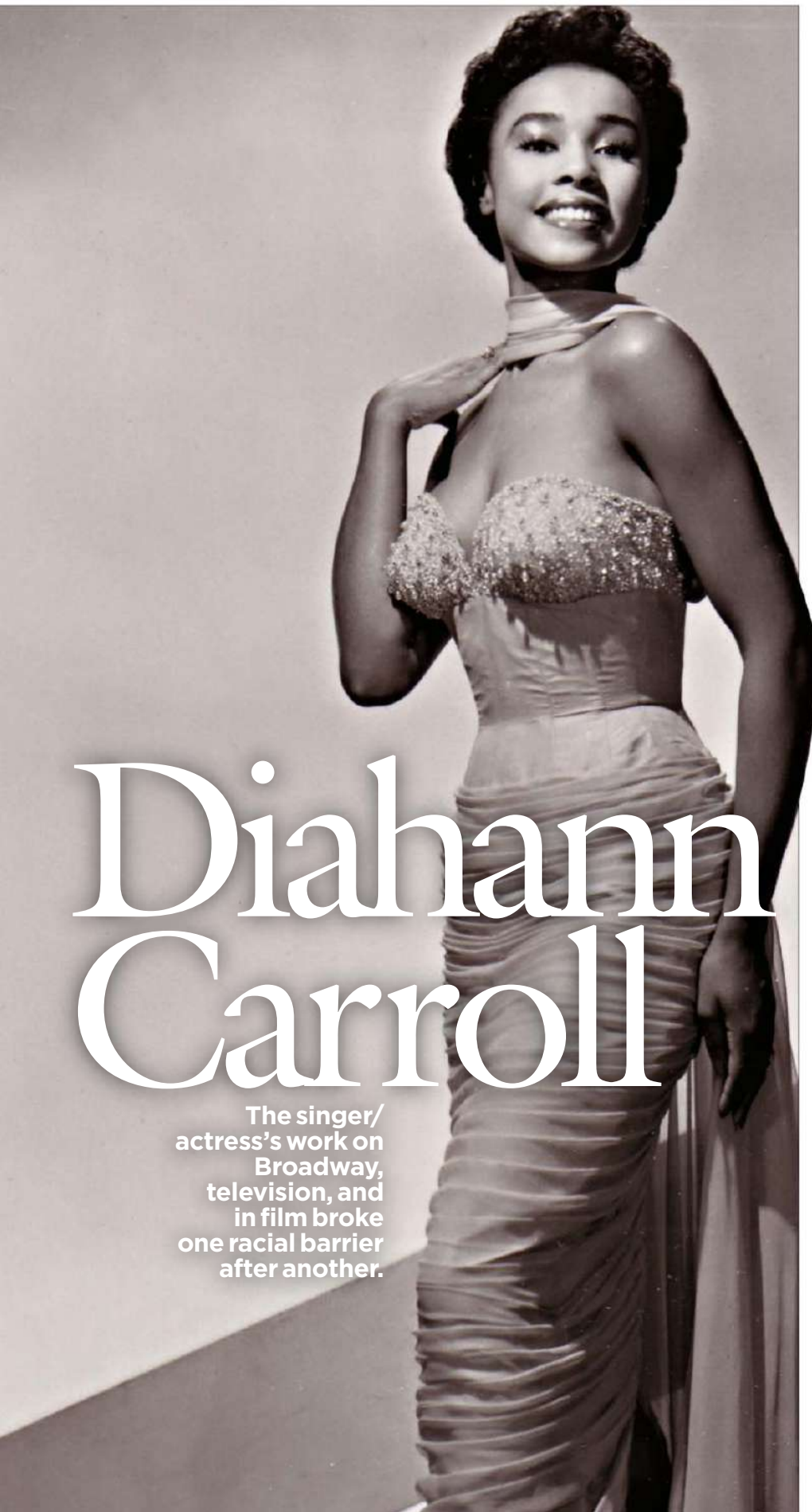
Sure enough, she reached for a condom, sheathed my cock, and impaled herself on it. She was still for a minute after I was in, then she rocked herself a couple of times, getting adjusted. Before I knew it, she was riding me fast and hard, and making a ton of noise again. I slapped her ass, then grabbed her cheeks and went to town. She was pistoning herself on me, and I shifted my left hand so I could thumb-fuck her ass, and then spanked her a few more times with my right hand. She was practically screaming at that point, and moving so wildly that my leg was killing me, but it was the off-season, and not my kicking leg. This lay was worth an extra week or two in a cast.

Finally, she came again, and I was pretty sure there was a second, and maybe even a third right on top of it. Afterward, she pushed herself all the way down on my dick and massaged me with her cunt muscles. My thumb was still up her ass, and she rode my thumb and my cock with short, slow strokes. This night had been one amazing surprise after another, and she wasn't done. When I was close to the edge again, she teased my asshole with a finger. I busted my nut as soon as she penetrated me, shooting into her like a rocket. That was a first, and I damned sure didn't hate it as much as I always thought I would.

She pulled herself up and cleaned up the condom, then lay down and lazily stroked my dick. "That was amazing, Eric. I can't wait to see what you can do when you're not in a cast."

She took me home on Friday at about midnight, and by Sunday afternoon we had gone through about a dozen rubbers, a truckload of takeout food, and all four *Die Hard* movies. I don't think there's a guy alive who's had a more satisfying spring break.—*E.R., via email*

She was riding me fast and hard. I thumb-fucked her ass again, and then spanked her a few more times.



Diahann Carroll

The singer/actress's work on Broadway, television, and in film broke one racial barrier after another.

When *White Collar* debuted last fall, we were thrilled to see this still-lovely 74-year-old back on TV. She only appeared in half the episodes, and then it was mostly short clips, but now that the second season is kicking off, let's look back at the elegant and sophisticated knockout.

The Harlem, New York, native attended the High School of Music and Art (with Billy Dee Williams, who decades later would play her husband on *Dynasty*). The ravishing beauty was quickly discovered by Hollywood and found herself in a supporting role in *Carmen Jones* (1954) with another African-American legend, Dorothy Dandridge. In 1959 Carroll played Clara in the film version of *Porgy and Bess;* in 1962 she made history when she became the first black woman to win the Tony Award for best actress, for the musical *No Strings*.

From 1968 to 1971, Carroll starred in her own TV series, *Julia,* as a young single mother working as a nurse. She was the first female African-American TV star who didn't portray a domestic worker, and she earned an Emmy nomination and a Golden Globe for the role. In 1974 Carroll received a Best Actress Academy Award nomination for *Claudine,* making her the fourth black woman to be so honored. (It would be almost 30 years before an African-American won; not surprisingly, Carroll was one of the women Halle Berry cited in her emotional acceptance speech for *Monster's Ball*.) She has headlined shows as a singer in Las Vegas and New York City, and released almost a dozen albums.

This sultry stunner's personal life has been equally noteworthy. She was married four times, most recently to singer and actor Vic Damone. She crushed the heart of British television host David Frost when she broke off their engagement to wed Las Vegas boutique owner Fred Glusman, whom she divorced within weeks. Another husband, *Jet* magazine editor Robert DeLeon, was killed in a car crash.

Now Carroll works tirelessly as a breast-cancer activist, inspired by her own battle with the disease. She even invited a camera crew into her treatment room for a national broadcast special, *1 a Minute,* which features, among others, fellow survivors Olivia Newton-John, Jaclyn Smith, and Melissa Etheridge. The docudrama is due to be released later this year.

Diahann Carroll is still beautiful, still making her mark, and still capturing our attention at every turn.

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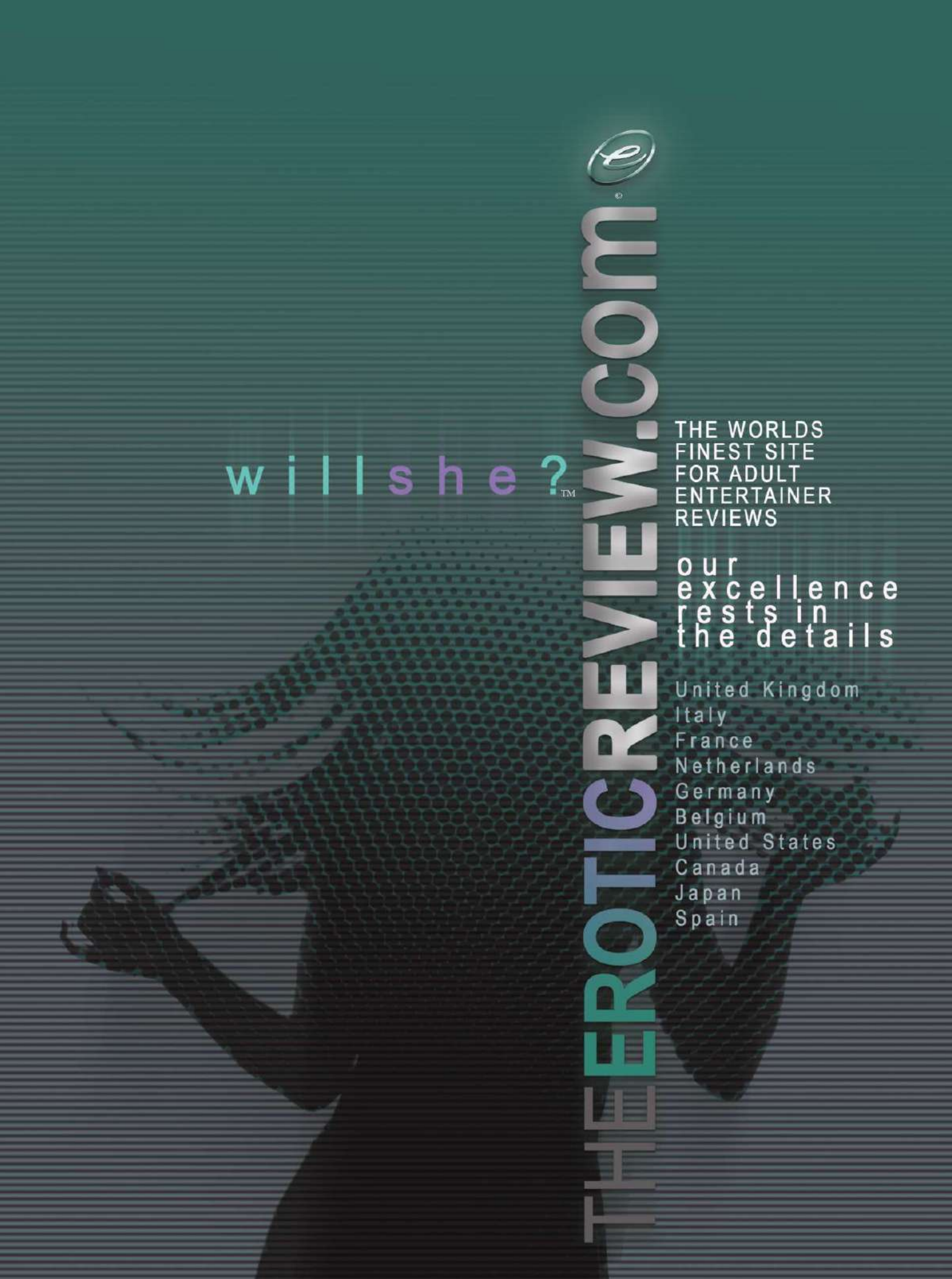
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